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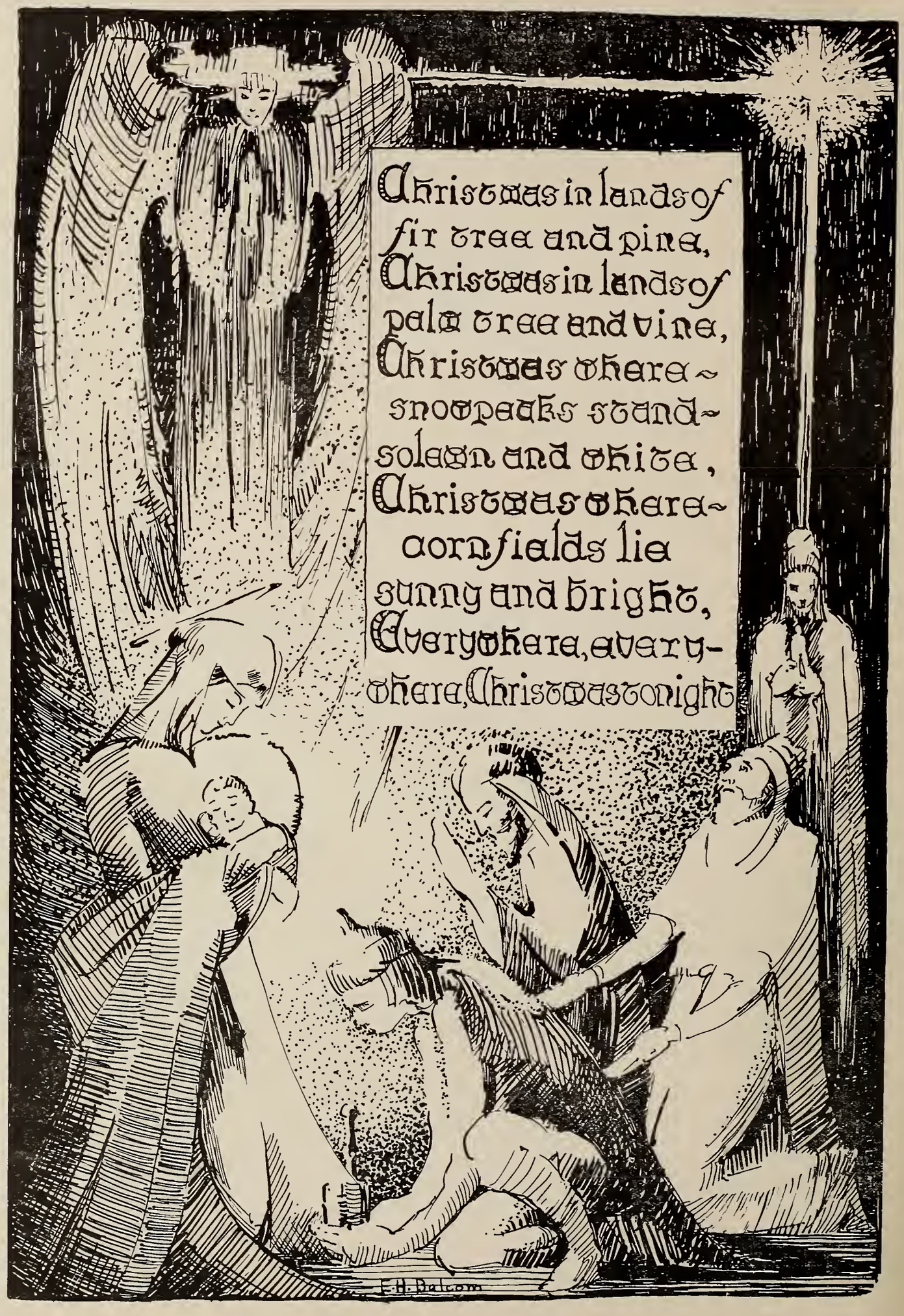
Christmas in lands of
fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of
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Christmas where
snowpeaks stand
solemn and white,
Christmas where
cornfields lie
sunny and bright,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight
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—"And on earth, peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:14

They had seen His star in the East and had come to worship Him. They sought Him out, those Three Wise Men. At His feet they placed priceless gifts, and so they should. Was He not their King? Here was the culmination of their years of labor, their years of study and seclusion. But they had found Him, He who was to be King of His people.

"The Child grew and waxed strong" and was soon in the meridian years of His manhood. His easiest years lay behind Him—now came the toil of His ministry.

When the angels had announced His birth, had they not said, "And on earth peace, good will toward men"? Did this not mean that peace was to reign in place of chaos? Verily, did He not say that "All men are brothers"? Then, if all men are brothers, peace must reign supreme. Many are those who have neglected to make every man his brother but there is yet time.

If every man is our brother, then disputing and quarreling must give way to brotherly love. The nations of this world have from time immemorial been faced with trials too great for them to solve in their own strength, but, always right has triumphed. It is impossible for a person to be a self-sufficient entity. Always one must look to another for something to satisfy his needs. A nation is like a person. It must look for certain things to satisfy certain of its needs.

Brotherly love has been found in many cases to be the solution to the most difficult of problems. If we look to His teachings for aid, we find that this very thing is taught. We are finding, albeit slowly, that the teachings of the One whom the angels announced are becoming the accepted principals which govern our daily lives.

—"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Gospel of St. Luke 2:10-11

Christmas Customs Around the World

Many of us are prone to think that Christmas is almost entirely an American custom. It is interesting to trace the descent of many of the foreign customs into those of our own country.

We are indebted to Mrs. Martha Patterson and Miss Dora Palmer for the article on Scotland, to Miss Eleanor M. Gould and Edward R. Pons for the Puerto Rican article, to Miss Roberta Webstersmith and Miss Elizabeth Ogilvie for the French contribution, and to a German friend of Noyes Farmer for his information used in the German paper.

Incidentally, the only opportunities that have offered themselves to Eduardo R. Pons for the study of the English language have been his regular studies in the Central High School of Santurce and a summer in New York.

The article on "Christmas at Sea" was contributed by Mr. Murphy, who is working in our geography department.

FRANCE

Christmas in France is very different from our Christmas. It is a religious holiday above all, and is called "La Fête de Noël," or "La Célebration de la Nativité." There is usually a great family reunion, but no gifts are given. The children have a Christmas tree, with barley-candy and spice-bread and all sorts of bon-bons.

A few weeks before Christmas, the big stores, the pastry-shops and candy shops begin to arrange their window decorations. The department stores present the most novel advertisements for their wares. The farmers come to town with their families and Paris is never more interesting than around Christmas. Electricity is used a great deal in illuminating, and the myriads of colored lights are really beautiful.

The pastry shops and candy shops do their best to attract the eye of the customer with elaborate decorations of sabots and bûches, little logs of biscuit, coated with chocolate icing. These are traditional in France.

The two grand celebrations of Noël are the sporting event and the midnight mass. The sporting event is extremely interesting. Twenty swimmers plunge into the water of the Seine, which is about 30°, the purpose being to show that one suffers no ill effects if one dives into the water, even in winter, to rescue someone.

The Midnight Mass is greatly anticipated, by the children especially. It is an impressive service, usually given by candlelight. After the mass, there is a feast in every French home. Then, before going to bed, the children leave their shoes in the fireplace, hoping to receive a gift from "le Père Nöel." The youngsters have saved their "sous" and each brings a tiny candle to put in the window so that the little Christ Child will not stumble in the dark as he passes down the street, blessing all the good children.

New Year's Day, "le Jour de L'an," is the real day for giving gifts. There are visits back and forth, high teas, and a delightful time all around. The poor are not forgotten; the Salvation Army, "L'Armée du Salut" feeds the unfortunate and gives them clothes.

Perhaps no other country has as much of the real Christmas spirit as has France.

CHRISTMAS IN PUERTO RICO

The celebration of the Christmas season in Puerto Rico begins nine days before Christmas and ends on the first Sunday after THREE KINGS' DAY.

As this is a tropical island, gorgeous flowers and poinsettias take the place of snow, and as most plants bloom during December, the island seems to bring forth all its beauty to celebrate the birth of Christ. No matter how splendid a mansion or how humble a thatch-roofed hut, nearly every house boasts its big, radiant poinsettia bush in bloom.

In the Capital, San Juan, and in the larger cities, the Christmas season is celebrated as in any city in the United States with dances and dinners in private homes and hotels. However, the island has its old customs and traditions that time cannot change.

Almost ninety-five per cent of the population is Roman Catholic. Throughout all the island, in large cities and villages, masses are held just before the break of dawn from the sixteenth of December until Christmas Eve. These masses are held to announce that Christ is coming, and joyous Christmas carols are sung accompanied by the traditional castanets and "panderettas."

At midnight on Christmas Eve, high masses are celebrated in all Catholic churches, which are attended by thousands of people. This mass is called "Misa de Gallo" or "Cock's Mass."

After mass, the people go home and celebrate with a supper consisting of many delicacies, "pasteles," or small plantain (a kind of banana) and meat pies, nuts, and candied fruits of all sorts.

The next day, in the interior of the island, the "trullas" begin, lasting all through the season. Every hut is scrubbed clean and made ready to receive friends and neighbors. Outdoors, men sit by open fires turning spits whereon hang young pigs roasting. Indoors, the women are busy preparing rice cooked with cocoanut milk, sugar, and spices, and guava jelly and paste. Every night the "trullas" gather, consisting of the pick of the neighborhood, with their typical musical instruments: the guitar, the "guicharo" (a dried gourd scraped with an iron file), and the "cuatro" (a sort of guitar with four

The Ancient Palace of the Governor of Puerto Rico
San Juan Harbor

strings). The girls are dressed in loose blouses and colorful skirts, their hair ornamented by red hibiscus flowers and gay ribbons; the men in stiff linen suits with gay handkerchiefs around their necks; and the old women in long starched dresses and with their heads bundled in bright-colored shawls. As they approach a hut they sing and praise the host, who invites them to eat, dance and sing. Then they go on to the next neighbor and continue so until daybreak.

It is the custom in all convents and churches, and also in many homes, to make "nacimientos" representing the birth of Christ. In a prominent place is the stable with the Holy Family, and around it, houses, pastures with sheep grazing peacefully and shepherds tending them, rivers and lakes where women are washing clothes; mountains and mountain-paths with people going up and down, and in the distance the THREE KINGS in full splendor coming from the desert to worship the Infant. Every day they are moved closer to the Stable, and on the night of January the 5th they kneel in front of the Infant with their camels outside the Stable. Some of these "nacimientos" are really wonderful and take many days to prepare with cardboard and paint. Mirrors are used for lakes and rivers and porcelain figures to represent the different Biblical characters. After the holidays these figures are carefully put away until next year.

On New Year's Eve relatives and friends gather to await the coming year. Housewives are busy preparing succulent suppers of the traditional roast-pig and "pasteles." At the first whistle announcing twelve o'clock, there is a general kissing and embracing among the family wishing each other a happy new year. Then there is a rush to the balconies to throw water out on the street, frequently to the detriment of passers-by. It is the belief that with the water all bad luck goes out of the house.

In the cities where large numbers of continental Americans and modern Puerto Ricans live, Santa Claus now makes his appearance on Christmas Eve, but in most Puerto Rican homes it is the THREE KINGS: Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar.

On the afternoon of the fifth of January all the children hunt for grass and corn to put in boxes for the tired and hungry camels of the THREE KINGS who are to come riding by that night. These boxes the children carry to their neighbors, their relatives, their godfathers and godmothers, and place under their beds. Early next morning they go gleefully to find that the camels have eaten the grass and corn, and the KINGS have filled the boxes with marvellous gifts.

Very often ragged and half-starved children with their little boxes plead at the sumptuous residences to be allowed to leave their boxes. In the morning how they rejoice when they come back and are handed the boxes full of candy and toys. In the evenings, these boys come to every house and sing Christmas carols and beg for a few pennies. Sometimes they scream so much and are so out of tune that one must give them the money and ask them to go away.

On THREE KINGS' DAY, popular rejoicing reaches its climax. The "trullas" become very numerous. At all houses there is some sort of party going on, and in general it is the happiest day in the whole year.

On the first Sunday after THREE KINGS' DAY, an interesting pageant is given at churches during mass. Three boys impersonating the THREE KINGS enter the church, followed by small boys and girls dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, all singing and carrying gifts to Jesus Christ in the "nacimiento." This festival commemorates the coming of the Magi and the shepherds to Bethlehem to give presents to Jesus, and for this reason the day is called *Bethlehem* Sunday. It marks the end of the Puerto Rican Christmas season, which symbolizes as few others do the spirit of religious fervor, joy, happiness, and "peace on earth, good will to men."

Eduardo R. Pons, Jr.,
Central High School, Santurce, Puerto Rico.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

"Silent Night, Holy Night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,—
Sleep in heavenly peace."

This beautiful melody, so simple both in words and music, is a rich heritage from the German people. The words were written by Grüber and the music by Haydn in the eighteenth century. Since that time it has gone around the world. Much of our Christmas lore is from other lands. The carol written above is an excellent example.

The story of the Christmas tree is an example of this lore. One of the oldest concerns the good St. Winfred. The legend relates that one day, while in the forest, the Saint was cutting down a huge oak. As he cut it, a high wind arose and blew the tree over. As it was falling, the Saint noticed a little fir tree which seemed to be in the path of the falling oak. The great tree crashed to the ground, but the little tree remained unharmed. To the Saint, this seemed to be a miracle, and he immediately proclaimed it a "Holy Tree," and directed the people to take one to their homes and to place only loving gifts beneath its branches. This is a pleasing story, but there are many others from all nations.

The people of Germany believed that Martin Luther introduced the custom of using Christmas trees, but each country has its own tradition. At any rate, it is certain that there were Christmas trees in Germany as early as 1600. For two hundred years the Germans had their own Christmas trees in the Rhine valleys. Later other countries adopted the custom until today almost every country in the world has some form of Christmas tree.

In Germany, the Christmas season opens about December 6. This date has a real significance to the German people. It is St. Nicholas' Day. On this day people begin buying their Christmas tree and the Yuletide festivals start.

Very little is known of the genial St. Nicholas except that he was born in Lycia, and died there 343 A. D. He became bishop of that locality before his death. To the majority of German children, St. Nicholas is the personification of everything jolly and good, but to a small minority he is a potential threat. The children are warned to be good or St. Nicholas will bring them a switch. This is usually all that is required to exact immediate obedience.

The time between St. Nicholas' Day and Christmas is a time of rejoicing and festivals. These fêtes reach their climax the day before Christmas, Christmas Day, and the day following. Christmas is also a day of great activity for the merchants. The meat shops are crowded because the poorer classes do not usually eat a great deal of meat except at Christmas and other festivals. Flowers are popular at this season, and the people may be seen crowding the florist shops, usually beautifully decorated, to buy flowers for their friends.

Many years ago the churches were decorated, but this is now changed. The homes are as beautifully decorated as the owners can afford. In the homes of the poor folk, the decorations are made by the children and given to the mother, whose task it is to decorate the tree the day before Christmas. At this time St. Nicholas comes to the children of the village and questions them and their parents and bases his gifts upon their answers. To children in need of punishment, a switch is usually given, with the injunction to use it frequently until the trouble is cleared up.

In certain parts of Germany today St. Nicholas' place is being usurped by Kris Kringle. The older generation, however, still cling to their childhood favorite, St. Nicholas.

When Christmas Eve arrives, the family wait outside the parlor door until the mother admits them. Before them is the Christmas tree laden with cakes and candles. As in our own country, it is the custom for every member of the family to have a gift for every other member.

Some of the gifts would appear queer to us, but it is the spirit behind the gift that counts, not the gift itself. There is usually plenty to eat, and it is the custom to eat at least a mouthful of every kind of food represented. A favorite delicacy at Christmas is spice cake or "pfeffen kucher." Many other kinds of spiced delicacies are always present. The gifts are often accompanied by verses written by the giver. Some of these are very good. After the gifts have been presented, the family usually stand in a circle and sing the old Christmas hymns. As has been stated, "Silent Night" is a favorite. Its words and music were written by Germans and it has lived until today, which is an enviable record for any song.

On Christmas Day, the people often assemble and enact the story of the Christ Child and other sacred dramas. They usually meet in the largest building in the village and many makeshifts are used. The plays always open with chaos. This is represented by different colored boards with stars and meteors splashed at random. As the play progresses, chaos is banished and order takes its place. All this leads up to the birth of the Christ.

In the olden days the boys of the neighborhood used to assemble and elect one of their number as their Bishop for the Christmas season. This boy was dressed in the Bishop's robes and mitre and was paraded through the streets with

his friends. They took entire charge of the Cathedral and performed their offices every Sunday. They enacted all the services except mass. This interesting custom was last performed in 1799.

In certain parts of Germany the burning of the Yule Log has continued almost up to the present day. The wealthier folk obtain a log that will burn for two or three days, but the poorer people obtain one that will burn only a few hours. Unhappily, this custom is now only practiced in a few outlying provinces.

The few days between Christmas and New Year's are days of festivities and practical jokes, which are always funny to everyone but the victim. To wear a top hat is almost a major crime, and its wearer would undoubtedly have it knocked off if he refused to remove it when ordered to do so.

New Year's is celebrated in much the same way that we celebrate it in this country. The family wait in the parlor and when the New Year arrives there is great rejoicing, with the inevitable toast, "Prosit Neujahr."

NOYES FARMER.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON IN SCOTLAND

In Scotland, as in many other European countries, Christmas festivities are directed not only toward the birthday of Christ, but also toward the entire week which follows. The time of greatest merrymaking is the New Year's advent, whereas Christmas Day itself is kept for the quiet, religious aspect of the season.

Many people are of the opinion that the Scotchman is a thrifty individual, serious-minded, and very slow to offer hospitality. I wish that all of you might travel to "Bonnie Scotland" during the week of festivity to see the Scotchman as he really is.

On Christmas Eve there are services in all the churches, to which each family goes as a group. Scotch people are very clannish, and feel that special occasions such as this give splendid opportunity for binding the members of a family closely together. The ladies like the beginning of the festivities, of course, for it gives them a splendid opportunity, if they live in the city, to parade down the High Street, dressed in all their finery. Following the service, all the members of one big family, the sisters, brothers, cousins, aunts—as many as can be gathered together—join at one house for the opening of gifts. Christmas is beginning to be commercialized in Scotland, just as elsewhere, but up to a few years ago Christmas gifts were kept very simple. The main thing was, and is, to give—and it mattered very little what you gave. Grandfather and Grandmother are just as excited about their offerings as Wee Jock, who knows that Santa Claus will not forget him.

As I have said, Christmas Day is very quiet. I am afraid there is more than one reason for this. I hardly think it possible to be anything but quiet after the Christmas dinner that is served. There is no "saving the appetite" for dinner! Rather, one eats a heartier breakfast than otherwise—Scotch porridge, pork pie, toast with lemon curd spread on it, and cup upon cup of tea. To digest this breakfast, and also to see his friends, the Scotchman walks down town again, down Prince's Street, if he lives in Edinburgh, and thinks of how good it is to live in such a fine place. The dinner, when it comes, is quite as fine as our New England ones, and is much like them. Of course, Yorkshire pudding, Scotch shortbread and tiny individual mince pies and a rather dry combination of pastry and plum pudding, called "currant bun," figure largely on

Tay River, Scotland

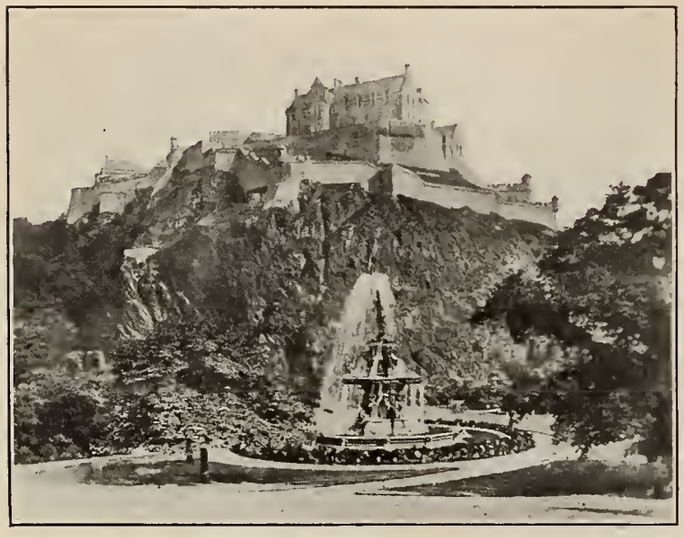
the menu. As in this country, it is nothing for twenty-five or thirty to sit down at the same table. After the dinner, the rest of the day is spent in family reunions.

All over Scotland, the social season is at its height in the following week. There are dances and parties every night, and every young girl hopes to be invited to several each night. All over Edinburgh, especially, there are lights all night, and everywhere are seen groups of young people travelling in a body from one house to another. No true Scotchman refuses his house to anyone at this season.

New Year's Eve parties are the gayest of all. All the young people of the family start out early in the evening to pay a round of calls on all their friends and relatives. In each house on this trip they must eat a tiny minee pie, for each one means a happy month. If the party happens to be on the street when twelve o'clock strikes,

each one must shake hands with everyone within reach and join in the general hilarity. The ceremony which attends the entrance of a house immediately after midnight is an interesting one.

This is called "first-footing," and is looked upon as making or breaking the luck of the occupants of that house during the coming years. The first person to go in must be a dark man, and he must leave something behind him, a penny or a gift of some kind. On no account must the first person to enter be a blonde woman. This is not a mere superstition, I believe, but rather a ceremony which has been carried on from the Highlands to Edinburgh since very early days. At whatever house you "first-foot," you may ask for food and drink and entertainment. Not until morning do the parties break up, at which time many families join in a New Year's breakfast.



Holyrood Castle

These festivities I have described are not confined to the upper classes of people. In the Highlands, north of Perth, the lands of the kilts, the ceremonies would naturally be more characteristic. The week is just as gay and just as unique in its own way in Edinburgh, where the kings and queens of Scotland lived, and where the British kings still hold Court at certain times the year. Beautiful Holyrood Castle (pronounced Holly-rood) is splendidly decorated at Christmas. Situated on a hill of rock, it seems to look down on the city to remind the people of the glory of Scotland in Mary's day. This castle is the nucleus of all the clan feeling at Christmas time. The people of Edinburgh feel that the castle has always been there and always will be, no matter what generation of people are celebrating in the town below it.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

To one who has been accustomed to spending the Christmas season at home with his relatives and friends, a Christmas at sea is apt to make one extremely homesick and lonely. This was not the case, however, as my chum and I found ourselves as ordinary seamen on the American freighter "Tampa." The "Tampa" was at this time peacefully plowing her way through the calm waters of the Mediterranean seabound for Calcutta, India.

Before leaving New York all of the members of the crew chipped in and purchased a radio. This proved to be a great help by providing us with entertainment, especially in the evenings. After our work on deck had been done, we would all gather in the cabin back aft on the poop deck and tune in. This happened night after night until finally, after having spent fifteen days at sea, we tuned in on a Christmas program. This program consisted mostly of carols. We heard carols being sung in French, Spanish and Italian, all coming from those respective nations. The words, although foreign, were set to the same music as our well-known "Silent Night," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," and "Noël." I will admit right here that, as we listened to these beautiful carols, sung only as European choirs can sing them, I did feel a strong desire to be back home with the folks. My chum felt the same way; nevertheless, we were happy, as the next day was to be a holiday and the menu was bound to improve.

Christmas Day found us off the ancient island of Coreyra, now known as Pantellana. As holidays at sea are always house-cleaning days, most of us spent the day washing and hanging out clothes, sweeping, changing bedding, airing out seasick-looking suits of clothes, and, in general, waiting for the next meal to come around, as the food that day was exceptionally good.

Although we lacked most of the usual elements which go to make up Christmas, we felt that we were especially fortunate in that we were thousands of miles nearer than ever before to the birthplace of Christmas and to the land of the greatest character in human history, Jesus Christ. In spite of the fact that we were so far from our homes, we felt that Christmas at sea had been an unusual and pleasant one.

SCENES FROM CHARLES DICKENS'
"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"
MARLEY'S GHOST APPEARS TO OLD SCROOGE.
BLIND MAN'S BUFF AT FRED'S PARTY
MRS. CRATCHIT AND THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.
EDW. F. PAYNE 1933
SCROOGE BUYS THE PRIZE TURKEY AND HAS IT SENT TO BOB CRATCHIT.
BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM COMING HOME FROM CHURCH

Manet

VOL. 7 DECEMBER 1933 NO. 1
NORTH QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL : NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Editorials

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

On a certain cold, quiet, starry night two thousand years ago, a throng of lowly shepherds, tending their flocks on the gently sloping hillsides of Bethlehem, saw a star in the east far off which shone more brightly than all the host of the heavens. The light from this beautiful star, guiding them towards Bethlehem, where the Baby Jesus lay, filled the shepherds with awe and made them afraid. A choir of angels descended from heaven while they were admiring the splendor of the star and begged them not to be afraid. With heavenly music the celestial choir told the guardians that a Saviour was born to them in Bethlehem—Christ the Lord.

Two thousand years later the same star is shining brightly in the East on a crisp, cold night. The soft snow is quietly covering the earth with a cloak of white, as if to make the world pure and clean for the birthday of that One born so many years ago. As we wander through the streets of the city, we see the shops gay with multi-colored lights, proudly displaying their wares to the indifferent passers-by who are eagerly hurrying towards their respective homes to finish wrapping that last-minute Christmas gift. Huge signs proclaim the never-to-be-gotten again values found within these shops. Hundreds of last-minute shoppers are rushing madly to and fro. The blare of automobile horns is heard above the din of the human turmoil. Brakes shriek and add their awful screeches to the song of the city. As we look up the long shaft between the tall buildings, we see a patch of starlit sky. One star shines brighter than all the rest. It is the same star that shone on the shepherds and the Babe in Bethlehem so long ago. What a different world it shines on tonight! Its significance is lost on the busy world below. The multitudes of people are too busy engrossed with their own plans for the coming holiday to catch the true meaning of the star.

Are we not, perhaps, concerned a bit too much with the material things of life, so that we often fail to see the beauty of the finer things? Post-war days have seen a burning desire which has developed almost to a mania for material wealth —money, property. In the great struggle to attain these riches, we have marred the beauty of many lovely things—one of them, Christmas Eve. We have failed to keep this occasion as sacred as Christmas Day itself, and it only seems fitting that it should be observed with as much sincerity as the following day. But, again, to satisfy the desire for things material, we keep our shops open, welcoming an opportunity to increase our sales. We are living in an age of machinery, and if we continue to allow our passion for worldly wealth to exceed our love for the beautiful, we will soon become a race of mechanical human beings. Anna Cummings.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

You know, life makes you brave in spite of yourself. Sometimes a thing happens that makes you wish that you might lie down on the job, yet something inside you forces you to carry on. And you find that you can!

You buck life day after day and find that it's just one continuous struggle, yet you revel in it. When you come out the victor, you're glad to be alive; when you're defeated—that's the real test. If you can be defeated and yet enjoy living, then you're really great!

All of you get hard knocks, and yet you come back for more. Probably you would emphatically deny this if anyone said as much to you, and yet the fact that you're living proves this statement. You won't cease to exist for a while

because you want to fight back. You aren't satisfied to go into another world leaving life so much ahead of you. No, you want to argue with it a bit more and see if you can't win once or twice again; you want to pit your wits against fate and tempt it. So you go on, living and fighting! Muriel Towle, 12-6.

FOOTBALL SPIRIT OR SCHOOL SPIRIT?

"Wonderful spirit shown at North Quincy" was the report in the Quincy papers before and after our big game with Quincy High. Yes, a fine spirit, but for all of that, was it football spirit or the final awakening of that long-dormant school spirit?

I am convinced that they are two separate and distinct things. But I hope that we really have "school spirit" rather than only football spirit. People who never saw the inside of Harvard, Yale, West Point, Annapolis, Stanford or Notre Dame become enthusiastic over football games played by these famous schools. They have no "school spirit." Of course, that is impossible if they have never been to these schools. What they have is "football spirit."

The only way that we may show our school and city which spirit we really have is by getting out and supporting basketball, baseball, track, and hockey, if it is introduced at North. But even then we must show some spirit for things other than sports. We must support other activities, if we are to credit ourselves with school spirit. Helen M. Vandeleur.

THE CLOUDS AND US

Gray, black, and brilliantly colored clouds of pink, blue, gold, red and purple; tumbling, racing, but seldom passive in the sky.

Looking at the clouds, one is reminded of the people one meets everywhere. The whole world seems obsessed with the idea of action and has made it a necessity, much the same as it has money.

Day after day people let the wonderful things of life go by while they are chasing after bubbles that break when captured.

This impatience in the present generation might well be accused of bringing to life many of the ideas that have such free play now. When you stop to consider it, about the only reason for the present restlessness in younger people is a longing for something new—the younger people trying to express their fear of being thought old-fashioned and dull company.

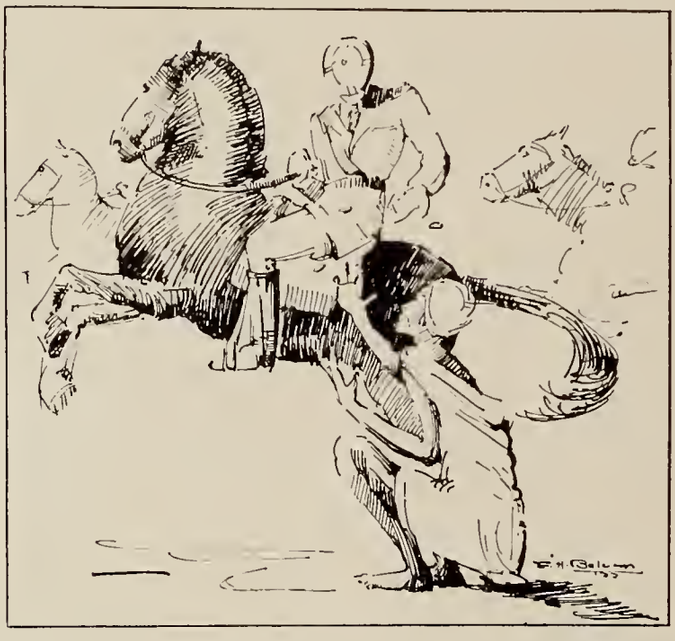
It is rather interesting to wonder how far this will go before petering out.

Muriel Towle, 12-6.

Literary

RECOMPENSE

A beggar on his haunches clapped his hands, and said *"Shabash, bai, shabash!"* (well done, brothers, well done), with a sardonic smile; but neither the brown sappers in their blue puggarees, nor the khaki clad laneers heard him. In fact they almost trampled him down in a mighty thunder of boot and hoof; and the beggar spat and did not move, even when the hooves of a great Waler were about to come down on his almost bare shoulders. He looked up with a tragic, resigned expression in his eyes, and then his lean, scarred face resumed its natural Oriental impassiveness, like the carven features of a bronze Buddha.



Miraculously, the hoofs escaped the crouched figure, the Waler was violently reined in, and Noel Munro looked down, saying in an irritated, startled voice, "What the devil—look out fellow!" He pulled on the reins, his knuckles showing white through tanned flesh. The Waler was a good handful.

Silently the beggar held out his hand—a hand surprising in a beggar, for it had long tapering fingers and small wrists. Still scowling, Noel dropped a few coins into the outstretched palm, adding in English: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, Old Man!"

He cantered away across the parade ground in the very shadow of the fort that loomed, a massive pile of rock, above him. Boyishly, with no regard for the perils that walk at noonday with the blazing sun, he slipped off his helmet and ran his fingers through dark, crisp, hair.

As he approached the bungalow among the deodars, he caught sight of the white-clad bearer entering the verandah with the mail. He called, but the bearer was already giving the bag to the indolent young person sprawled on the couch directly beneath the punkah.

Mail in a deserted frontier station is an event; Noel flung himself off the horse (which immediately bolted and had to be recaptured by a cursing *saice*) and demanded to know whether or not there was anything for him.

Kit Loomis did not answer; he was reading with sceptical amazement an official looking letter. Once, twice, he read it; then with a whoop he embraced the perspiring and scowling Noel.

"Leave, my dear boy—leave at last! I'm off to Simla—may I take one of your mess jackets?"

Noel pushed him away.

"You've got leave?" he demanded incredulously.

Kit executed a difficult dance step.

"Right—! I'm on my way already. You hold the fort, my son, and I wish you a Merry Christmas!"

Noel groaned. It would be the first Christmas spent alone, or without leave.

"Shut up—bun face. How long is your confounded leave? You can't take my mess jacket."

"Seven days. Why not, old man? Why this sudden animosity, et cetera? What did I ever do to you or your precious togs that I can't borrow one trifling, solitary mess jacket for a good cause?"

Noel ruffled his hair. "Do you think I am going to lend you my clothes to flirt with my cousin while I'm slaving all alone in this God-forsaken place?"

Kit whooped. "That's right. Peg *is* in Simla, isn't she? Well, there are other places beside the dinner table, if I don't get a jacket. Can't you picture us riding along the Mall, and around Jakko like a jolly old picture?"

"Take care, take care," warned Noel. "Remember what Kipling said about Jakko:

'Love and leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill.'

I can just imagine you two infants swearing 'until death Fidelity.'"

Kit leaped on him. "Pathan horse-thief! Infants, indeed! What I could say about you—well, if I can't take your bally mess-jacket, lend me that suave and sleek Shere Ali to pack for me, will you?"

Noel put a hand on his fellow officer's shoulder, smiling. "Help yourself—but remember, no—er—liquid tips. Ali is very susceptible, you might say. Well, run along if you're in such a beastly rush."

"Cheerio!" Kit sang out and vanished into the house; and Noel, with a disappointed mouth, listlessly turned over the scattered contents of the mail pouch.

II.

Kit left Christmas Eve, just after parade. He was to ride to Gilgit, with a *saice*, and board a train that went through Srinagar, Kistawar, Kilar, Chamba, Dankar, and at last Simla, the destination, that week, of scores of officers on leave for Christmas. The *saice* would return from Gilgit with the horses, and the lonely station would be lonelier than ever. It was with a queer sinking feeling that Noel saw Kit give free rein to his horse when he reached the opening of the pass, after throwing some coins to the beggar by the gate.

Above the bungalow, in the Fort, there was laughter and companionship, but in the bungalow there was only the sound of Shere Ali's slippered feet and Bill's toenails scratching on the floor, and the occasional ring of Noel's spurs and boots. Bill, the terrier, was a welcome companion in a spot where one hates to be alone with the stern, magnificent mountains and the wide reaches of sky.

The weather was clear and cold; a chill wind swept across the parade ground and lifted clouds of dust and dead leaves, blowing through the rags of the beggar who crouched immobile in his usual spot. Noel, standing at the window about five o'clock, saw him, and called Shere Ali.

"Give that man a place in the compound tonight," he directed briskly. Shere Ali salaamed reverently, but his eyebrows rose into two horrified semi-circles under his snowy puggaree.

"Sahib?" he questioned politely.

"You heard me," said Noel pleasantly but firmly—he was wise in the ways of class-conscious khitmugars.

"And his wife?" added Shere Ali, still extremely polite.

"Wife?"

The khit nodded, smiling slightly. "They come from near Gilgit."

"Then give her place also, O *pukka bundobast.*" This tribute to Shere Ali's capability did the trick; the man withdrew promising that his Master's will should be done. "Oily old hypocrite," muttered Noel.

Darkness settled down on the station and with it came an inexplicable nostalgia for home and snow and children's voices, singing old carols.

Settling in his armchair, pipe in hand and Bill's warm softness pressed against him, he closed his eyes and dreamed of home. He was a youngster again, a little shaver in black and white vestments, with a stiff collar that scratched his skin, and he was holding a heavy book. He was singing exultantly, straining his throat in joy, in a candle-lit church. It was his birthday night; that was why they named him Noel. He was thrilled all over when he sang:

"Oh, Noël! Sing Noël! and merry be alway,
For Christ was born in the early morn
On that first Christmas Day!"

After church he joined his mother; on the way home he snuggled against her, and there was some vague, elusive fragrance in her furs. He could hear the sharp ring of hoofs on the frosty road, and he looked fascinatedly at the silvered fields that glimmered in the moonlight. They went up a long curving drive, and suddenly they were before a roaring fire, and he, as youngest, had the place of honor in his mother's lap. He loved her, adored her exquisite blonde beauty, and was supremely happy. There were other children moving vaguely in and out of the shadows—he could not quite distinguish them all . . .

He awoke with a start, not knowing what aroused him, feeling only the almost heartbreaking disappointment that comes with disillusionment and awakening. He was not ashamed to feel a pricking under his eyelids . . .

Bill was sitting up, ears cocked, listening. For what, Noel could not guess. But it was uncanny. Silence flowed around and over them, like a sea. It was an acute, startled silence, almost nerve-wracking.

And then a sound came through the stillness. Bill barked, Noel sat up. For the sound was one never heard before in the station—the cry of a new-born baby.

III.

Noel stiffened, then stood up. Simultaneously there was a noise at the rear of the bungalow. Noel's senses snapped abruptly awake. He strode through the rooms, preceded by a quivering and excited Bill. Being essentially brave, Noel didn't hesitate to throw open the door—then felt an overwhelming rush of relief to see the impec-

cable Shere Ali, who salaamed and murmured hesitantly, "Sahib—"

"What is it?" snapped Noel. His sudden awakening had aroused his temper. "What do you want, O son of a she-camel?"

"Sahib, there is a baby—"

"A what?"

"The man has a son, Sahib." There Ali's olive skin beamed; no longer was the stranger scorned, for he had a son, and was therefore rich.

"Ye gods!" ejaculated Noel. "Well?"

"It is yours, Sahib," said Ali impressively. "Born in your compound, it belongs to you."

"Good heavens!" said Noel, his vivid imagination and irrepressible sense of humor immediately seeing himself rearing a brown baby and making futile, blushing attempts to explain to Peg and Kit, "But I don't want it!"

"Sahib, will you give the man-child a name?"

Noel smiled suddenly. At Peshawar his cousin Lee had named the cook's baby "Lee"—it was some crazy idea the servants had. He felt inordinately pleased and somehow impressed.

"Certainly, Shere Ali. The baby was born on my birthday. We'll call him Noel—that means Christmas and this is Christmas Eve. Wait a minute!"

Grinning with boyish pleasure at the thought of being god-father to an Indian baby, he ran into his room and gathered up a bright red and brown plaid blanket. This he thrust into Shere Ali's arms, adding a brilliantly colored Christmas card that had come from England.

"The blanket is for the baby—the card is a prayer card," he said hastily—they couldn't read English and would have the card as a charm or token of some sort. He emptied his pockets of all they contained—some thirty-five rupees—and warned Shere Ali that the money was to be used for the baby only.

The khitmugar profusely blessed Noel and his ancestors, salaamed again, and departed noiselessly into the dark compound. Noel, feeling inexplicably happy, wandered around the house, smiling to himself. Miraculously, he was happy again. As youth does, he thought of Kit dancing at Simla, and murmured, "Man-Kit never had a god-son born on *his* birthday." He whistled to Bill and went out.

There was no moon, but the stars clustered thickly in the sky. They seemed near enough to touch. Man and dog crossed the parade grounds, stopping once to look, with awed eyes, at the mountains silhouetted in black and purple against the star-strewn sky, their snow caps faintly luminous in the dim light. Silently Noel and Bill climbed the steep rocky path to the gates of the fort; a word to the guard, and they were permitted to pass into the quadrangle; from there they mounted the steps that led to the top of the wall. Up there the stars were brighter than ever—Noel put out his hand to touch a particularly bright one. There was no sound in the cold night air—even the wind had become silent. The little dog pressed against him and looked up with affectionate, understanding eyes.

Noel thought of the baby in the compound while he stood in that wonderful silence, with the brooding austere mountains around him and the myriads of stars above him. He felt a queer awe, a new hammering at his heart—he was very near to God and eternity in those few minutes. A snatch of song whirled in his brain:

"Oh, holy night,
The stars are brightly shining—"

"Christmas," thought Noel, with something of the lost ecstasy of childhood. "*This* is Christmas. There never has been never will be, such a Christmas—except the First One."

Elisabeth Ogilvie, 12-2.

THE CALLOUSNESS OF YOUTH

The small, shriveled old lady did not bat an eyelash. She lay perfectly still to all intents and purposes, asleep.

"Aunt Jenny," expostulated a large, bustling woman. "Aunt Jenny, it's Jane." But the small one was asleep. "Well, I'll be in later," said Jane to Margaret, and left.

When she was quite gone, the little woman on the bed lifted one eyelid tentatively. "Is she gone?" she whispered.

Margaret grinned, "Yes."

The small face, worn by pain, smiled too. "You're my girl," it said. "Just like me. You're all right, too. Don't let them kid you."

With this remark, rather surprising in one so old and ill, the old lady closed her eyes and passed into oblivion, this time in reality. It was becoming dusk. A pity Gram couldn't sit up and see out the window. Dusk was their favorite time, hers and grandma's. They used to have long talks about life and people and the futility of trying to make themselves understood. That was before; and now in just a little while—for a few moments she resisted. Then the small, dark head went down beside the white one so like it, and soft sobs broke the stillness of the dusky room. Outside the last scarlet rays of the sunset were turning purple. Myriads of lights were appearing here and there outside. The pines were mysterious bulks, and a lone star twinkled sympathetically at the two within.

"Starlight, starbright, first star I've seen tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might
Have the wish I wish tonight," said Margaret for old times' sake.

Supper was in progress when Margaret returned home. Margaret's mother was hostile.

"Where've you been?" she asked. Then be-

fore Margaret could answer, she went on in the sort of voice used in oratory. "No one is ever here for supper. What's the use of my bending over a hot stove all day when everyone eats the food cold? I just won't put up with it, that's all. What's the excuse this time, Margaret?"

"I went for a walk," replied Margaret stoically.

One didn't reveal to this tired, cross woman, that one had been weeping over sunsets with Gram. There was a peculiar Spartan streak in Margaret which admitted little affection and no emotion. Perhaps it was because of her odd temperament and sensitive character. As a small child, she had always been hurt and, as it seemed to her, repelled until she had drawn about herself a hard shell of aloofness which worried and puzzled her family. To her mother, Margaret was something of an enigma. She often wondered how a daughter of hers could be so peculiar and hard-hearted. Now she said,

"I should think you'd go and see your grandmother once in a while. If you'd only think of something besides yourself. Really, John, the selfishness of the younger generation is appalling. Mother's such a child," she went on to her husband. "She absolutely refused her broth today. Spit it right out on the spread. Well, really—and when Mrs. Crocker came to see her with some flowers, she actually said, 'What'd you come for? I'm not dead yet'."

Margaret smiled secretly over her meat. Gram was like her. They thought she was balmy, did they? Thought they were both balmy. Well, they'd show 'em, she and Gram.

* * *

Margaret stood woodenly in a corner watching Gram's loving relations. It reminded her of bargain day at Raymond's, and yet there wasn't one among them who didn't show his grief more than Margaret. Rather heated arguments were in progress concerning who should take possession of the pewter tea set that Gram's grandfather had brought from Scotland. Margaret must tell Gram how funny they all looked. Then, suddenly realizing that never again would she be able to tell Gram anything, she became very pale and stiffened slightly, but the tears which came so easily to her tender-hearted relatives, were quite lacking in Margaret's make up. Margaret's mother looked up from her busy conversation with her long lost sister from Canada, and regarded the queer, small figure in black standing alone in a corner of that room, bustling with activity and tears. She was an odd one, that girl. Didn't seem to care at all about Gram. Hadn't seen her shed a single tear since—. Someone lit the lamps. The soft radiance fell gracefully on the little throng, garbed in dark colors. Small groups here and there chatted quietly about their share of Gram's household goods. Jane, the maid, brought in a delectable supper, passed it around with steaming cups of coffee. All ate ravenously after their strenuous activity—all but Margaret. The family, much older than she, had forgotten the quiet girl. Jane passed her a plate of salad. Margaret shook her head. She didn't feel like eating—perhaps later. She slipped out, climbed the stairs to Gram's bedroom, the room of so many pain wracked weeks; also the site of the twilight rendezvous, hers and Gram's. The room was dark and cold and empty. Margaret was about to leave when something caught her eye. It was entirely dark outside. The houses were blurred shadows against the sky. Standing valiantly alone was one lone star. Suddenly, Margaret felt another presence in the room. She never could have explained it afterwards. She saw nothing, heard nothing; yet it was there. It was then Margaret understood about Gram. She hadn't gone at all. She was just invisible.

Downstairs the heart-broken ones went on with their supper.

MARJORIE EDWARDS, 12-1.

OUR CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

How will you celebrate Christmas this year? Naturally you will say, "We'll have a Christmas tree and dinner and exchange gifts. If you will just look back a few centuries, you will discover many new meanings to add to your enjoyment.

The Christmas Dinner, as we celebrate it now, is quite the same as in olden days. Long ago one of the first rules governing the behavior of the Christmas was a law of the holy church that bid "All to gather—even the stranger within the gates—for a festive meal, in excellent company of brethren, on Christmas day." Our Christmas dinner takes on a kind of apostolic happiness that binds us to the early church.

Did you know that dancing and singing around a Christmas tree once were a ceremony dedicated to a pagan goddess? In the frozen parts of Europe, before the Christian times, the people used to brighten up their long winter by holding a great festival in honor of Freya, goddess of the earth. Because the fir tree, the holly, and the mistletoe, stood fresh and green in spite of the coldness of the winter, they used to honor and praise them by decorating them.

Each year they cut an evergreen tree and decorated it with balls of silver and gold to represent the sun and moon. Then they placed lights in the branches for stars—symbols of happiness and good fortune. Also they added apples and nuts, which were sacred to Freya,

and symbolized love and fertility. They danced and sang around the tree and prayed that the coming year would be prosperous and the harvest plentiful. The custom of celebrating winter's turning point was mingled in with the Christian festival.

Beneath our tree we have gifts wrapped in gayly colored tissue paper. These gifts, too, belong with the ceremony of the decorated tree, for the Northern people used to exchange gifts with one another. Then the ceremony of gift giving took place on New Year's day, as these ancient people believed that whoever was remembered with gifts at the beginning of the year would be blessed throughout the whole year. This last custom is practiced by the French people today.

Many of these gifts were foodstuffs. Hundreds of years ago when meal was ground between stones, the people made it into figures of the Norse gods and laid them on the altar to be used as an offering for the god. Later the people made the dough more spicy and used the cakes for personal gifts.

In the Bible Isaiah prophesied the birth of Christ and said that he would eat bread and honey. In old pantomime church plays the people used to bring gifts of butter and honey to the Christ child. Little cakes were made for for the Christmas feast. The Wise-men brought gifts of rare spices to the Christ child, so spices were added very generously.

The oldest recipe for making these cakes is "Peppernuts" of Nuremberg. Those cakes were spiced with pepper. "Peppernuts" were made in shapes characteristic of Christmas.

All the old stories tell us of the preparations for Christmas. They were made long in advance. In Scandinavian countries they have their table loaded with food from Christmas until Twelfth Night just as they did in Shakespeare's day.

These traditions add a new significance to the observances when the cry of "Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight" is heard.

DORIS L. LORD, 9-1.

TWO O'CLOCK

Late August sunlight streamed over the wide green lawn separated from yellow fields beyond by the thick hedge that surrounded a rambling old building. The mellowed brown of the shingles and the ancient vine that clung gnarled and twisted to the old white posts of the wide porch bespoke the age of the great old house. As the building was set some distance from the road, one might wonder how any prospective guests would find their way up to the wide low steps over which hung a sign declaring that it was an hotel.

A car had just driven up and stopped in the driveway, and from it could be heard a girl's voice:

"This is almost the last night we spend in an hotel, isn't it, Daddy? We'll be home pretty soon now, won't we?"

Mr. Pinkerton, while engaged in getting out of the car, puffingly agreed with his daughter Edith. Mrs. Pinkerton was trying vainly to collect gloves, purse, a few small packages, etc., which were continually slipping off her ample lap. She gave up finally and remarked, "What a lovely hotel! I imagine it was once a private home—"

At this moment a small figure, indicating by his red coat and brass buttons that he was a bellhop, came up and prepared to carry the Pinkerton luggage into the hotel. But Mr. Pinkerton, being a cautious man, intervened, and said that he would "go look the place over first." The porter vanished, and Mr. Pinkerton went up the gravel walk to the wide porch and into the hotel.

"What a *funny* little man," said Edith as the porter's red coat disappeared. "Did you see him, mom?" (Edith always spoke in italics.)

Mrs. Pinkerton had succeeded in getting out of the car, and ignored her daughter's remarks concerning the little man whose size, by the way, belied his age, which must have been about fifty. "Let's go see what's keeping your father," and departed with her daughter up the gravel walk.

Upon entering the wide door, and becoming accustomed to the slight gloom in contrast to the bright sunlight outside, they discovered Mr. Pinkerton talking with the clerk behind the great desk, and Edith could not repress a faint squeal as she stared at the clerk. She squeezed her mother's arm hard and whispered, "Mom! It's the same little man!" So it was. Having succeeded in reaching the hotel before Mr. Pinkerton, the little man assumed a rusty black coat and became the obsequious clerk. He smiled ingratiatingly as he handed Mr. Pinkerton the pen. A few minutes later in red coat and brass buttons he might be seen carrying in the Pinkerton luggage.

That evening Edith said confidentially to her mother as they dressed for dinner: "Guess who I saw downstairs, Mom. Freddie Markson, of all people."

Mrs. Pinkerton, while engaged in trying helplessly to fasten a necklace, replied, "Yes, dear." Then, a few minutes later, "Oh, yes, Freddie Markson; and who is he?"

"Oh, Mom, you must remember. He's the boy I met at the dance a week ago at the Sea View Hotel. He's the younger brother of the most handsome—that's just the trouble, you know, Mamma. He's the younger brother."

"Is he, dear?"

"Why, yes. You know what I mean. Nobody ever pays any attention to him—only to his brother. Why, he was telling me—"

"Edith, darling, could you fasten this necklace? I—"

Edith sighed, and stopped the subject as they joined her father and started for the dining room.

There were but six people in the dining room, probably home-coming vacationists. Edith looked around in search of the abused Freddie. Suddenly she grasped her mother's arm convulsively as she had done often before that day.

"Look, Mamma. The head waiter. It's—" She went off into a soft squeal of laughter. Mrs. Pinkerton looked.

"*Probably!* Heavens, does he own the hotel, too?"

"Why no, Edith," interposed her father. "I've been speaking to the owner, a Mr. Camden. Says he doesn't do much—"

At this point the head-waiter hurried up, in tux and with folded napkin, and escorted them to their table. Near them was seated a tall, thin man smoking a cigarette. Edith was moved to whisper to her mother:

"I don't *like* that man, Mamma. He looks *suspicious.*"

"Now, dear, he's just probably ill—consumptive, perhaps."

"Twaddle!" said Mr. Pinkerton, his pink face and the top of his unfortunately bald head becoming pinker at his vehemence. "The man's just dark-skinned. You've got *ideas*, Edith."

Edith was unmoved, however. "I don't *like* him," she repeated. Turning partly around to glance surreptitiously about she again pressed her mother's arm.

"Edith, dear. You're positively rough."

But Edith disregarded her. "*There* he is!" she said.

"Who?" said Mr. Pinkerton.

"Who, dear?" asked Mrs. Pinkerton.

"Why, Freddie, of course. He's a boy who's positively *repressed*, because of his—there's his brother with him, see? Now Freddie isn't saying a word, and—"

"Twaddle!" remarked Mr. Pinkerton. "He probably just can't think of anything to say."

Edith's further remarks on repression were prevented by the arrival of the soup and the subsequent progession of dinner.

After dinner, the hotel guests adjourned to the wide front porch, where they proceeded to get acquainted. When Edith arrived on the porch an oldish woman with bobbed and graying hair approached her and said in a hurried, thin voice, "My dear—you don't mind if I call you my dear?—I noticed you at dinner and I said to myself, 'Now, there's a real nice girl, not one of your modern flappers';" (Edith wondered angrily if she looked out-of-date); "and I said I'd like to talk to her—I'm traveling all alone, you see, and I thought I'd speak to you and introduce myself. I'm Miss Fitch. Miss Lydia Fitch, and what's you're name?"

Edith reflected that she had better take advantage of this, the first pause that the garrulous and lonesome traveler had made. "I'm sure," she afterwards told her mother, "that she didn't have a punctuation mark in her whole speech."

"I'm Edith Pinkerton, and I'm very glad to know you, I'm sure. This is my father and mother," and she introduced her parents, feeling relieved that she could pass her unwelcome acquaintance on to someone else, particularly as she saw Freddie Markson, in loose flannels and a jacket that threatened to slip completely off his shoulders and down his arms, coming her way.

" 'Lo, Edith," he greeted her in a tone which would seem to belie their brief acquaintance, but which really indicated his customary casualness. "Come over and meet the folks."

"Hello, Freddie," said Edith, smiling, and turning to her mother. "Mother, this is Freddie Markson; Freddie, this is Mom, and here's Dad." Which last few words she considered sufficient to dispose of Mr. Pinkerton.

" 'Lo," said Freddie to both at once.

As they moved off, Edith told Freddie about Miss Fitch. "I don't know why she took a liking to me," she said.

"Neither do I," said Freddie with his customary tact. He gave Edith no time to answer, as he led the way up to a man and woman seated in porch chairs, and said: "Mom, this is Edith Pinkerton—Dad, Mom."

After the conventional greetings, Mr. Markson turned to a man seated beside him, and said: "And this is Mr.—Mr.—"

"Robestone," supplied the stranger, smiling and rising.

Suddenly Edith recognized him as the man she had seen at dinner and did not like. As she and Freddie went down the front steps preparatory to exploring the grounds, she said:

"Robestone! Wouldn't he have a name like that! You know, I don't *like* that man."

"Queer guy," agreed Freddie. At that Edith considered that Freddie shared her sentiments exactly.

It was quite dark when they returned, and they found the Marksons, together with Miss Fitch and Mr. Robestone, seated in general conversation. As they went up the steps, Edith said: "The bell-hop, clerk, and head-waiter has a cute cottage, hasn't he?"

"Yeah, but his cellar's not fixed up half as good as mine. You should see mine—ping-pong, shooting gallery, and—"; but here Freddie's garrulence was cut short by Mrs. Markson's saying: "Freddie, hadn't you better turn in? It's been a long day, you know."

"Where's Arthur?" asked Freddie belligerently.

"Your brother has already gone up," said Mrs. Markson triumphantly.

"Um!" said Freddie. "Well· g'night, everybody," and he shuffled into the hallway.

As Edith was brushing her mother's hair that night (Mrs. Pinkerton had always had her hair brushed by someone: first her mother, then a maid, and now Edith), she said, "Oh, Mom! My pretty hanky. You know the one Aunt Annie gave me—I left it on the porch!"

"Run along down and get it, dear, if you want. It may rain overnight."

Edith ran down the wide stairs and into the dim-lit hallway, clad in the striped robe that she had bought specially preparatory to going to college in the fall, but had liked so much that she wore traveling. Her slippered feet made no noise as she came up to the open porch door, where she paused, hearing voices on the verandah. She easily distinguished the first speaker as Mr. Markson.

"That Miss Fitch is a queer old duck," he was saying, to which remark Edith silently agreed. "Notice how she kept saying she was traveling without any money? Well, I used to live in her home town, and I happen to know from home-town news that she just got quite a pile from one of her deceased relations, and is plenty rich right now. She always was pretty tight and nervous about money, and I'm willing to bet good money that she's carrying plenty right now and is afraid of someone's robbing her, if they knew of it."

Edith wondered if she ought to announce her presence; but disliking to appear before such chance acquaintances in a lounging robe, whether or not it was a good-looking one, stayed where she was.

"Is that so?" demanded a second voice, obviously that of Mr. Robestone. "Do you know, I almost married that woman once—and here she is rich!" The last word was uttered in a very doleful tone.

Mr. Markson guffawed. "So that's how you two knew each other? I thought she was kind of frosty."

"Rich now, eh?" repeated Mr. Robestone. "Well, well, something ought to be done about that."

Edith fled back upstairs without hearing the burst of masculine laughter which followed.

"Did you find your handkerchief?" asked Mrs. Pinkerton from under the covers.

"No," said Edith. "Freddie's father and Mr. Robestone were talking out there, so I didn't go out," and she got into bed, feeling sure that she was sleeping under the same roof with a villain who would now try to marry Miss Fitch for her money.

II

A fearful barking wakened Edith somewhat later. Struggling to awaken fully, she sat up in bed. It was just two o'clock by the little night-clock on her bureau. The excited barking continued, and Edith, throwing her robe around her, went to the open window and looked out. A tousled head thrust itself out of a window a few feet away. It was Freddie's.

"Gosh, what a racket!" he growled. "Towser! Stop it! Keep quiet!" And the dog, though it probably did not answer to the name "Towser," understood the tone and quieted down into a few whimpering barks now and then.

"I hope he didn't wake Miss Fitch," said Edith, by way of making conversation. "Her room is right next to mine."

"I guess—" began Freddie, but he never finished. At that moment strange sounds were heard issuing from Miss Fitch's window, sounds which rose and culminated in a scream of "Help!" followed by a tirade of words from which "I've been robbed!" were distinguishable.

By this time the whole hotel was awake. Lights began to flash on here and there. Freddie's and Edith's heads disappeared simultaneously to reappear in the hall where Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton, Mr. and Mrs. Markson, and Mr. Camden, the hotel owner, were already gathered about Miss Fitch's door. Mr. Camden knocked.

"Is anything wrong, Miss Fitch?" he cried. "Anything wrong?" and he banged again.

Miss Fitch, blinking in the light, opened the door. "What?" she demanded, not making quite clear just what she desired to learn.

"You just called out that you'd been robbed," said Mr. Camden, coming to the point.

"I've been robbed!" screamed Miss Fitch, only catching the last words. "Heavens! I've been robbed!" And she began to moan in an ineffectual way.

Nobody seemed to know just what to do. Mrs. Pinkerton led Miss Fitch into her bedroom and sat her down with some smelling salts.

"Somebody call the police!" shouted Mr. Camden, agitatedly, but no one moved.

Mrs. Markson, spieing Freddie said suddenly, "Where's your brother?"

"How should I know?" growled Freddie.

"Go get Arthur at once," said Mr. Markson, sternly, and Freddie disappeared, to return a moment later, and go up to his father and say in a low voice, "Arthur's not in his room! I can't find him."

At this juncture, Mr. Pinkerton, who had been looking out the hall window cried out, "Look everybody!" and everybody looked.

There, fleeing across the moonlit-lawn was the "bell-hop, clerk and head-waiter," carrying something under his arm.

"After him!" yelled Mr. Camden excitedly, his mustache trembling with emotion, and everybody made a rush for the stairs, including Mrs. Markson. Mr. Pinkerton puffingly brought up the rear, his pink head and ears quite red, and his blue bathrobe sailing majestically out behind, showing to advantage a pair of yellow and green striped pajamas.

Edith had gone into her mother's room where Mrs. Pinkerton was trying to comfort Miss Fitch, who had never quite awaked, and was now more dazed than ever.

"Mother," said Edith in a low and meaningful voice," where is Mr. Robestone?"

That question was in the back of Freddie's mind as he raced down stairs. Happening to glance out of the window on the landing, he saw a sight which made his hair stand up. It was Mr. Robestone, crouched in a corner of the hedge, levelling a pistol at something—or someone. Freddie gave a yell that nobody heeded and dashed out of the side door.

By this time the Marksons, Mr. Pinkerton and Mr. Camden were out on the lawn, and their cries of "Stop!" had caused the poor little porter to stop confusedly, and wait for them to come up.

"Hah!" said Mr. Camden, laying his bony hand on the little clerk's shoulder, "Hand over—"

But at this moment another figure joined the group. "Arthur!" cried Mr. Markson sternly, "Where—"

"What's all the fuss about?" Arthur broke in, "Let that fellow go. His wife's sick. He's got to take that medicine to her." Here the little fellow held up the two brownish bottles he was carrying in a bag.

"Yes—yes. I've got to go," he said hurriedly, and Mr. Camden's grip being relaxed out of mere stupification, he hurried off.

Suddenly a shot broke the silence which followed the clerk's departure, followed almost at once by a shout of "I got him!" undeniably in Freddie's voice. The excited group transferred their attention and themselves to the other side of the wide hedge which separated the lawn from the fields beyond. They discovered Freddie lying prone on top of a man, and clutching in his hand the smoking pistol which he had wrenched from the man's hand.

Mr. Markson reached down and took the pistol. "Let him up, Freddie," he said. Freddie scrambled to his feet, and his victim got up, brushing clods of damp earth from the knees of his blue silk pajamas.

"Nice tackle, sonny," said Mr. Robestone, grinning good naturedly, "Where'd you learn to play football?"

"Mr. Robestone!" gasped Mrs. Markson.

"Explain yourself, sir," said Mr. Camden, trying to be dignified though he only reached Mr. Robestone's shoulder. "What was that shot?"

"I should think," said Mr. Robestone, with a quiet smile, "that that peculiar odor around here would be self-explanatory. I heard the dog barking, and as I had noticed the smell before this evening, I got up and took my revolver, inasmuch as I didn't desire the cellar of the hotel where I have to stay for a few days, inhabited by such an unwelcome guest. "Ah!" he said, turning about, "here are the other ladies."

Miss Fitch, followed by Edith and her mother, marched into the center of the group. "Who," demanded the spinster in no uncertain terms, her indignation having made her bold and determined, "told me I was robbed? Every cent of my money is there—that is, if it hasn't been stolen while you've been chasing around the lawn in this silly fashion."

"Why, why, my dear lady," stammered Mr. Camden, miserably. "*You* said you'd been robbed. You called for help."

"I did not—I did not. I did no such thing," declared Miss Fitch, leaving no room for doubt. "I was sound asleep when you banged on my door like—like—a maniac."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Robestone, mildly, "Miss Fitch has had a nightmare."

Miss Fitch gave him a look which might have meant most anything and sniffed. "Anyhow," she said, "I'm going back to bed." And she marched off with Mrs. Pinkerton trailing after her.

"By the way, Arthur," said Mrs. Markson. "How did you happen to be out here?"

"I? Oh, I just saw Mr. Wimble—he's the clerk, you know, running up to the hotel when I got up to open my window some more, because it was so hot. I called down to see if there was anything I could do, and he said his wife was sick and he was getting some medicine that then happened to be in the hotel for the use of guests. I'd just finished calling up the doctor downstairs when I heard all this rumpus."

"I guess this is the doctor now," said Mr. Markson, as a car drew up in front of Mr. Wimble's cottage. "Well, son," he said, turning to Arthur, "I guess you saved the family name tonight."

Later, as the Pinkerton family prepared once more for bed, Edith said, "Now that's just how it always happens. Nobody noticed that Freddie had really been courageous to jump on Mr. Robestone, but everyone praises Arthur for doing nothing."

"Twaddle!" said Mr. Pinkerton. "Arthur just kept his head better."

Apparently he had forgotten that there were many others who had failed to keep their heads that night.

HAZEL BORNE, 12-1.

PADDY'S PIGS

Paddy and Jaek had a great friend nearby in the person of Patrick O'Grady, who ran a small farm with an Irish dilatoriness, helped therein by the two playmates. Paddy had sown seed for him, ploughed, harrowed, and dug potatoes. Jack, like Paddy, had also helped. So both considered it their due, in return, to be consulted on all matters pertaining to the farm. This was the way it came about that Paddy was mixed up in the sale of the pigs.

She was at the farm when the disposal of those forty-five young pigs was discussed, and naturally took an active part in the impending decision. It was finally decided they should be sold by auction at the next market, and Paddy should mingle with the crowd, Jack also, if obtainable, to run up prices. She also undertook to show up the previous afternoon, bringing Jaek with her, to help catch the forty-five little pigs and put them in a wagon. When the party arrived on the day in question, they were first of all given tea by Patriek O'Grady's housekeeper, who was commonly called Daniel, beeause of her enormous bulk, which was supported on feet that could only, under ordinary circumstances, belong to a big man. Paddy once remarked that if you were out in a storm with Daniel it didn't matter about having an umbrella, because if you got to the leeward side you eould be sheltered the same as if you were up against a house. That, of eourse, was a little of Paddy's Irish exaggeration. How be it, having finished tea, the farmer piloted them all to the big barn into which he had driven the pigs ready for catehing.

"I thonght we'd have'em all together," he remarked, "but 'tis a pity there's no door to close the entranee."

"Never mind," said Paddy slyly. "Perhaps if there had been, you couldn't have got them in." At which Patrick scratehed his head and looked thoughtful a moment before he replied:

"Why, no, begorra! I'd never thought o' that; but how's we goin' to keep 'em in whiles we eatehes 'em?"

"We must have Dan'el," said Paddy, promptly. "She shall be Horatio and keep the bridge," whereupon poor Dan'el was duly installed to fill up the doorway with her accommodating bnlk. Then began a rare serimmage. Round, and over, and through, dashed those young pigs, with Paddy and Jack and Patriek after them — shrieking with laughter — till Paddy finally leaned up against the wall on the verge of hysteries and begged for a halt.

"Don't let me see Dan'el for a few minutes," she prayed Jack. "Come and stand in front of me. When I see Dan'el rolling about in that door way, like a German sausage on a pivot, it makes me feel as if I should burst."

By this time half the pigs were safely installed in the wagon, but this, instead of lightening their labor, considerably inereased it, for the remaining half had more room to eseape their pursuers. Finally a farm youth was ealled in to help, and the work progressed until only a dozen remained. A brief halt was again called. Then they all returned to the fray feeling refreshed. Unfortunately the pigs were refreshed also, and had apparently taken advantage of the halt to eoneoet some plan of eoneerted action. They slipped and seuttled between legs with a lightning speed that suggested a reinforeement of the devils of old time, until the moment eame for the grand coup. This eonsisted of a dash at Paddy's legs, which took her entirely by surprise and tripped her up. She emitted a shriek that made every one pause a seeond to see if she were getting killed. In that same second, while the moment of unguarded surprise still held their eaptors, another rush was made for the mountainous form in the doorway. The breach was carried gloriously. Dan'el eame down like an avalanche, and in the pandemonium that followed, it was discovered she had entrapped one small pig under her person, and its shrill sereams were mingling with the helpless laughter of the outwitted captors. Paddy lay on the floor, buried her face in her hands and gave it up. Tears ran down her eheeks, and for very exhaustion, she could not look on while the two men, nearly as helpless as she, hoisted poor Dan'el onto her feet and released the sereaming little pig. They got her to a sitting position, and then they had to take a rest while Jack leaned up against the wall of the barn, hid his face on his arm, and shook with eonvulsive laughter. The pigs meanwhile, in a distant eorner of the yard, held another eouneil of war, squeaked and grunted their glee, and awaited developments. When Jaek was moderately calm again and Paddy had reeovered, Dan'el was finally hoisted to her feet and prevailed upon to do a little more entry-blocking, while the pigs were chased round the yard. After an exhansting hunt, they were all safely colleeted in the wagon, ready to start for market at daybreak.

DOREEN PATTERSON, 8-8.

BENNIE'S CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve and in spite of the biting wind and flying snow, the stores were still filled to overflowing with last-minute shoppers. The streets were brightly lighted and the air was filled with sounds of Salvation Army bells, Christmas greetings and the tinkle of eash registers, carefully storing everything from the poorest pennies to the crispest ten dollar bills. To the casual observer, nothing but gayety and enjoyment reigned, but on the edge of the sidewalk slowly making his way

through the crowd was a small, brave, though frost-bitten figure. If one should follow the boy, he would notice the gradual change of scene as the shadowy figure progressed to the poorer section of the town, commonly known as the "Slums of South Boston." On closer inspection the boy seemed to be about fifteen years of age, with crisp black hair and brown eyes. The face, although cheery, was pinched and drawn with fatigue and worry, and the hands were crammed into the pockets of his too small imitation sheep-lined overcoat, such as are sold in the basements of the larger department stores. Under his arm was a worn dog-eared book.

The boy turned down Foundry Street and entered a door marked "144." Up the rickety stairs, he went, one flight, two flights, three flights. Would he never stop? At last, at the head of the third flight he turned and went slowly down the hall with the air of one who has tried, and now is tired, but happy and triumphant. He stopped before a door and went in. A series of cries of delight and relief flooded the dingy hall.

"Oh, Bennie, we were so worried! You took so long!"

"You have another book."

"Hullo, mom. Supper most ready?" Stepping over to the fire he said, "Cold out. Been down to the big library and look what I got."

Mrs. Rosenbaum took the book and her wrinkled care-worn face softened as she saw the title, "The Care and Breeding of Horses." She spoke with a slightly Jewish accent in a soft melodious voice, sharply contrasting with her unlovely face.

"Ah, Bennie, you love horses. Someday, my son, you will own one of your own." Then turning quickly to assume the task of restoring order among the little ones. "Hildegard, stop fighting with Jake. Abie, you and Sammy take Ben's coat and get Papa's slippers. He'll be home soon and he'll be cross if you are noisy and bother him."

She bustled about the mean little kitchen consisting of a stove that didn't work when it rained, a three legged table, two comfortable chairs and two straight chairs.

Presently the door opened and a tall dark man with black hair now turning gray, and a small Van Dyke which, with his bearing, gave him a certain distinction which a resident of Beacon Hill could not have assumed with as much grace, entered and received greetings similar to Bennie's.

"Good evening, children. Hello, Momma. Bennie, come down stairs with me. I told Morris we'd help him put his coal through the window. Oh, another book, I see. Well, don't neglect your work, my boy. Come along now. We'll be up in half an hour, Momma. I have a little surprise for you children if you're good," and with that he hurried out again.

As they stepped on to the street, Bennie spied a man on a horse leading another. A true lover of horses, Bennie darted off to see the specimen which, it must be confessed, was merely a work-horse. With a word to his father, he was off into the dusk. He followed the man for some distance, chatting amiably about horses in general, not realizing where he was going, nor how late it was. He gleaned from his companion that the horse being led was a work-horse which he had bought and was taking to his farm, a mile or two from the outskirts of the city. Bennie decided to accompany the man and when they reached the farm, did a few chores for the farmer's wife, hoping to earn a few pennies to celebrate Christmas, about which the younger children knew little or nothing.

* * *

Meanwhile back in the city, Mr. Rosenbaum had assisted his friend, Morris, and still Bennie did not come back. He had called to him once or twice and asked one or two of the neighbors if they had seen him. Eddie, Morris' son, had seen him go down the street with a man leading a horse. The news was anything but reassuring to the anxious father. However, he thought, "It's not late enough to be dangerous; there is no need of worrying Momma. I'll tell her that he went off with some of the boys."

The good man went back up the three flights of stairs to his family, telling them that Bennie would be back soon and that they were to delay the "surprise" until he came. The family ate supper, the dishes were washed and neatly put away and still no Bennie. The little ones were finally put to bed, disappointed, but stifling the tears, partly over the longed for "surprise" and partly over the absence of Bennie, while the little clock ticked away the hours until morning.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" The glad tidings rang out on every side. It was Christmas morning and the timid early sun was peering through the tattered dingy curtains in the windows of the little Rosenbaum kitchen. Slowly the door opened and in walked a red-faced, wrinkly, Bennie. His trousers were crushed and even his sheeplined coat was stiff. The first thing he saw was his loving parents sound asleep before the cold stove. He roused them with a "Merry Christmas" and told them all about his escapade; how he had followed the man with his horse to the farm and helped the farmer's wife, not intending to be disobedient. He told how he had chased the cow down hill to the barn and how she had run across a little pond just cracking the ice enough to weaken it for him to fall through. He had gone up to the farm and the good house wife had bade him to take off his wet clothing. The boy had objected strongly to this, especially when the woman gave him a pair of her own stockings to put on while his were drying. He

had stayed there all night and the couple had sent him home laden with Christmas cheer. He had a large basket under one arm from which protruded the two legs of a fat turkey. The rest of the details of the Christmas feast were packed inside.

"Momma, if we could only have a Christmas tree for the kids. They've never had one, and soon, like me, they'll be too old," said Bennie in despair.

"That's where I come in," said Mr. Rosenbaum gleefully rubbing his hands. "Hansen, the foreman, gave me a leftover tree for fifteen cents! Can you imagine, Momma? Fifteen cents! A Christmas tree!"

"Oh, Papa," breathed Mrs. Rosenbaum. "Can't we fix it before the children wake up? Oh," and she clasped her hands, "I can just see my babies' faces when they see it, all shining and glittering! Where is it? Oh, let's get right to work!"

An hour later when Jakie, Hildegarde, Abie and Sammy awoke, they entered the kitchen as in a new world. The savory odor of turkey roasting, and the beautiful tree with an orange for each was overwhelming. They all joined hands and danced around the tree while the chimes rang from the little church around the corner.

SYDNEY LEONARD, 9-1.

WHITHER THOU GOEST

The old man was gaunt and tall with the lean tallness of a strong man. The fire gleamed red on the bronzed cheeks above the iron grey beard as he rose erect, gently slapping the rough coat of the patient brown horse in a mute signal that work was over till the morrow. In a cleared space the old woman bent wearily over a simmering, smoke blackened kettle, from which steam was rising into the crisp night air. A hungry mongrel dog inquisitively poked his tender nose too near the hot coals where a slab of meat hung roasting, cringing back with a low whine. The woman spoke compassionately —and that was the strangeness of it. She spoke in soft Spanish with the trace of a half forgotten Irish broque.

Nursing the injured part between muddy paws, the dog retreated and lay down within the circle cast by the firelight, eagerly watching the woman as she moved silently to and fro.

During the meal they talked somberly together, the man interrupting to admonish the animal harshly for vociferous ventures in search of scraps. After they had eaten their fill, the woman unstrapped the worn sheepskins, and soon, deep silence closed in, broken only by the crackling coals that threw fantastic shadows on the dim outline of the horse, contentedly munching the pampas grass.

The man slept. Not so the old woman. It was Christmas Eve tonight, and tomorrow's trek would end this nomad life forever. Pedro, after thirty years must choose between the road —and her. But for the present she was a bright-eyed child listening for the first time to her father's tale of the Nativity. How her mother's dark eyes had sparkled as he translated the more alien words into native Argentine Spanish for the benefit of her stilted English vocabulary. Pedro too, had been entranced when she told him the old Christmas stories. Flight out of Egypt. How appropriate. She would miss him, yes, but she refused to let herself dwell on the future and gradually fatigue claimed the tired body.

Pedro sighed in his sleep. She had been so beautiful when he, a hot headed young gaucho lad had run away with her—the daughter of an Irish immigrant salt train boss. Ah, but youth is impatient of conventions. And thus ever after had it been so. When one is born with the nomad attributes of generations—?

She would have loved a hut on any one of the numerous ranches where they camped for a night or a week during the branding season. The bawling of the calfs and acrid smell of burnt flesh almost penetrated his subconscious mind, but dreams change swiftly from scene to scene. Once, to please her, they had lived in a house for a month. She had sensed his restlessness and how happy he had been to come home from a day on the pampas to find their few possessions packed, waiting to go to new places. Joy had been all the greater because she laughingly admitted that the wanderlust had claimed her too. Now he realized differently. He would give her her freedom tomorrow, in her own village, among her old friends. The thought startled him so, that he awoke in panic. Yes, that was the only solution. He dismissed thinking of the aching loneliness left by loss of her companionship, until merely dullness persisted.

The dawn came grey, then rose pink. The dog went scouting after little drab colored field mice. A tiny creature shook the dawn dust from its wings. The woman arose, shaking the stiffness from her refreshed limbs. The sun flung above the horizon as they commenced the day's preparations.

Gathering the courage of desperation, the man finally uttered in an unemotional voice, avoiding the woman's face by strapping the saddle to the horse, "Maria, I think we need each other no longer."

He was conscious of her gaze and tried to still his hand from fumbling with the cinches. In reckless haste he continued, "You are a town woman, and I—I am a man of the pampas."

"Pedro!"

He did not dare to turn and witness the glad-

ness he was sure he would find, and had deafened his ears to.

In tragic remembrance she was there beside him, and whirling, he caught her by the wrist disbelieving that it was not joy in her cry.

"Have we not been together always; will it not always be so?"

Slowly the significance of her words sank into his brain. He was not ashamed of the emotion of relief that welled up in his throat as he eagerly shook his head in the affirmative.

She laughed, for the first time in many months. The man's grim face relaxed as he saw the happiness of his woman, and in a tongue that she had not used since childhood repeated softly,

"'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' Do you understand, Pedro?" The spoken language was unfamiliar, but the other language she had taught him was not.

"Si."

JANET ADAIR, 12-8.

THE CAROLLERS

Like silv'ry flutes their voices lilt,
Tones mellow in the frosty night,
Borne through the air by rev'rent breeze,
Proclaiming vibrant joy and peace.

The silken snowflakes waft the notes
Of Christmas ballads that they sing
Into the heart of every man
To be a perfect symphony.

WYLLIAN KRAUSE.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

It wasn't till about fifteen years ago that the people of America sought a change in scenes represented on Christmas cards; they were tired of their same cheap appearance, and desired something more magnificent. This question could only be answered by turning back pages of literature, and referring to some particular work in which a possible source of material could be found. Attention was immediately focused upon the four Christmas essays of Irving, in which he so influenced and recreated the splendor of old Christmas, which was gradually wearing away in England. So, from these interesting passages were drawn out and put into the composition of our twentieth century Christmas cards.

One of the scenes which has won popular commendation on Christmas cards is that of a stage-coach about which Irving wrote an essay entitled, "The Stage-Coach." A stage-coach before a mansion or approaching the same often impresses on our minds the thought of the return of loved ones at the holiday season. I quote a few lines from the essay, which I think fit this mood: "The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, . . . They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment."

In this same essay is also contained the description of the jolly old coachman, whom numerous cards picture. Irving says, "Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat . . . but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute. He has commonly a broad, full face, . . . he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, . . . he wears a broad-brimmed hat, . . . his waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey-boots which reach about half way up his legs." The vividness of this and the rest of the description has been fitted into our Christmas cards.

From another essay, "Christmas Eve," many nocturnal scenes have been taken; a brilliant but extremely cold moonlight night, and a chaise whirling rapidly over the frozen ground; an old irregular mansion in front of which is a heavy, magnificent, old-style gate of iron bars, bordered with shrubbery, and a lawn sheeted with a slight layer of snow—all silhouetted against the cold, cloudless sky. In the servants' hall, at one end of the building, the Squire encouraged a great deal of revelry, provided it was in the good old-fashioned way. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob for apples, and snap dragon; the Yule log and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and mistletoe was hung up. The supper is somewhat described with holly and ivy decorations, Christmas candles and a large table with substantial food. Various branches of the merriment after dinner have also been described by Irving. While he was making preparations in his chambers, he heard the carolers from some neighboring village. He called these "waits." All these customs and games connected with a true old Christmas has been actively portrayed in a number of our modern Christmas cards.

Many a card, also, shows juvenile carolers, maybe the ones that waked Irving on Christmas Day. Many cards show singers from a country church, or maybe the church itself nestled among evergreens.

In the last of the Christmas essays, "The Christmas Dinner," Irving has written a whole sketch on the description and course of the meal, and, as you will notice, a number of cards display scenes directly from this sketch.

The dinner was served in the great hall, where a large fire heated the spacious apartment. Two Yule candles were burning while around them was spread a display of food. He also describes the bringing in of the boar's head, a large pig's head with a lemon in its mouth. I quote a line or two which I think fit the course of the dinner, "The table was literally loaded with good cheer and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders."

Thus we see that we are indebted to Irving for many of the seenes on our Christmas cards.

VLASIOS P. GEORGIAN, 9-1.

MAN AND DOG

A dark cloud cast shadows where a few minutes before cheerful sunbeams had sent their warm rays. A brisk wind began to sway the tall pines, and warn the small bundle of fur, huddled by the side of the dirt road, of the approaching storm. But the little dark object in the blowing dust paid no attention to the sudden change of atmosphere. Not until large fast rain-drops peltered down, quieting the flying dust, did it move. Very softly it stirred and began to take shape. Gingerly a little foot feebly thrust itself into view, followed by a sudden movement of the small body itself. Very carefully the little fellow gazed around him in dazed bewilderment. He began to protest at this sudden mistreatment on the part of Mother Nature and voieed his seolding in whining little sobs that shook the thin shivering frame.

Suddenly he grew quiet and peered down the darkened road. A large object was approaching, not unlike the one he had been thrown out of, just a short time ago. It drew nearer. The little bundle of fur suddenly wiggled in delightful anticipation. Here, perhaps, was company, and warmth and food! The little fellow ran out to the middle of the road and made more throaty noises. The automobile was coming at a terrifie speed, but stopped with a terrible grinding and screeehing of brakes. A tall figure jumped out and walked toward what was surely a stone in a dangerous plaee where the low machine could not miss striking it in the narrow road.

As the figure stooped over it voiced a surprised exclamation as the "stone" wriggled innoeently forward. The newcomer stamped impatiently back to the car.

The wind had quieted somewhat and very clearly a feeble protest reaehed him. With a shrug the tall figure returned to the sobbing animal. He gathered it up in his arms and returned again to the automobile. The small bundle of fur fell with a thump on the seat by the side of the driver, and the car lurehed forward once more to resume its dizzy speed.

All at once the sun found its way through the black clouds; the rain slowed its steady beat on the car and gradually stopped, and the sky cleared as if by magic. The pines stopped dancing, empty fields and tall trees became suddenly alive with small creatures and still the car continued, but not so quiekly did it go as before, for now it was approaching a town.

The little animal in the car eautiously peered up at its rescurer. In return, the driver snatched quick glances at his passenger. He saw a small dog who obviously belonged to a mixture of breeds.

"You wouldn't be so bad to look at if you were washed and clean. I wonder how you got out to that lonely spot, anyhow?" said the man aloud. The dog wriggled in reply frantically trying to wave a little stub tail. "Have you got a name," asked the man, "and what about a collar?" A joyful whimper was his answer. Now that the ice was broken between them the pup felt free to examine his surroundings. Before the driver could realize his intentions, the dog was over into the back seat, sniffing curiously at a food container. The man applied the brakes and picked the small dog up in his arms.

"If only you knew," he stated solemnly "just how much food and coin is between me and starvation you would be more careful." A cool wet nose was thrust up into his face—a tongue protruded and lapped his cheek.

"After that you deserve a sandwich." While the dog contentedly chewed a rather hard piece of bread and butter, the man watched with amusement.

"You have no eollar, therefore you are one of my kind—somewhat of a tramp. I wonder," he mused, "if you ever get as lonesome as I do?" Of a sudden he thrust his face into the dog's soft fur. "Yes," he said from its depth, "you must."

Wonderingly the dog licked a salty tear that crept unheeded down the young cheek. "However," continued the man," you are an added expense and I'm afraid in the next town you have got to go. Yes, the next town is your stop."

Unconcerned his listener thrust his nose into the sandwich box again. "I'll have to tie you in the front seat, sir," the man continued and as the dog graciously chewed on another sandwich, he proeeeded to do so.

The next town was even smaller than those they had passed through previously and it was here the car again stopped. Taking a sandwich from the box and tucking the dog under his arm, the young man left the ear and walked to the side of the road.

"If ever we meet again, dog, I earnestly hope I have an extra dime to spare. I would buy you a good meal if we did meet again goodness knows you need one! Your bones are protrud-

ing as though you had never had a square meal before. Good bye, friend puppy, yours has been delightful company."

Turning away, the man tried not to think of the wistful brown eyes watching him so intently. He climbed into the car and prepared to move away, but a glance at his former passenger showed him that the dog was still watching him, the dry bread lying untouched at his feet.

"Well, why don't you eat your bread? It may be the last you'll get for a long time to come," said the young fellow roughly. The dog wimpered questioningly and stepped forward eagerly.

"No," the man went on curtly, "you can't come." The dog stopped. The eager light faded from his eyes. He stepped back with a gesture of hopelessness.

"Don't give up so quickly! Why don't you cry, or bark, or move as though you were going to chase the car? Why accept things as they are?" the man stormed, "Come and get in the car," he added more softly, "and hurry up."

The dog came slowly toward him, paused, remembered the sandwich and went back to fetch it. The man jumped out and lifted dog and bread into the car.

"I'm getting weak. Yes, weak after all these years of hardships. I guess I like you, dog." There followed a moment's silence during which both dog and man seemed preoccupied with his own thoughts. The minute lapsed into hours and the miles rolled by. After passing through what seemed an endless country of small, insignificant clusters of homes and farms, dog and man noted that the houses were becoming more numerous.

"Coming to a big city," the man said bluntly. When they stopped for traffic, the dog watched the buildings and people with interest, while the man's gaze passed quickly and eagerly from person to person.

"I'm looking for some one, dog," the man exclaimed in a matter-of-fact tone. "If I see the person who happens to be a friend of the Warden's and if I land the job I hope to—why—we eat." As an after thought he added gloomily. "Those are just two too many ifs." The passenger opened one eye sleepily in agreement.

Of a sudden Fate thrust her hand upon the two homeless beings. The car which had reached up-town gave a sudden jerk, and before dog or man knew what had happened, swerved into a tree. Here again Fate ruled for neither occupant of the car was injured.

"Child in the road," the man mumbled. "It isn't hurt. A man dashed over to a little boy in the road where a few curious pedestrians had already gathered. He gasped his relief when the child appeared unhurt.

"This is my boy," he told the sympathetic crowd. Glancing at the wrecked car, he observed that a young man was disgustedly gazing at the hopeless mass that had once been a good car, while a helpful policeman stood by asking questions. Beside the young man was a small bedraggled puppy who understood the situation and showed his concern by crying softly in his hand.

Without another word the father hurried over to the homeless characters. "That was quick thinking, young man," he stated in a voice husky with emotion. "I'm mighty thankful for my child's safety."

"I did what anyone else would do under the circumstances," the young man replied modestly, picking up his furry companion.

"Of course you will settle for the accident," inquired the policeman of the father, who answered quickly.

"Out of court if it can be done. If you aren't in a hurry, young man, you might come up to my office where we can speak privately."

"This affair will go on file," again interrupted the representative of the law. "This is state property damaged," indicating the tree struck.

"I know—I understand. If there is a fine I will pay it. Are you coming with me?" He turned again to the young man.

Clutching the dog more firmly and holding him in such a position that he could no longer lick his face, the owner of the wrecked car followed resignedly. There was nothing else to do.

Seated in a well furnished, but modest office, dog and man gazed at the father and his son.

"My wife left Charles while she stepped across the way to do some shopping. He slipped out when I wasn't looking. I am willing to pay for the car which is, I'm afraid, pretty badly damaged."

"Dog!" exclaimed young Charles, unconscious of his rudeness. The dog jumped down from the lap where he had previously rested and peered with intense interest at the youngster. Both realized that here, indeed, was a playfellow, and soon the two were rolling and tumbling in fun on the floor. Concluding their talk, the elder man stated that he would make out a check for the sum which the young man agreed to. "Make it out to Fred Carrington, if you please."

Pen poised in the air, the man seated at the desk, stared unbelievingly.

"You are Carrington of New York?" he asked. "Not from Jim Hook by any chance?"

"Yes," was the wondering reply.

"Well! You are efficient! You made good time here. I am Hartwell."

"T. S. Hartwell!" Carrington replied, "what luck! What marvelous luck!"

(Continued on Page 33)

Poetry Contest

The first two poems won Honorable Mention in the Junior high contest.

SUNRISE

Put me atop a mountain in the early hours of morn,
With the landscape; whitened apple trees and snowy fields and lawn
Lying all around me, with the first rays of the sun
Peeking 'round the mountain, its day's work begun.
Its reflection on the sky above, shows up in red and gold,
A magnificent mirror, a firey blaze; its beauty still untold,
And on the snow beneath me, on the trees whose boughs hang low,
Still another mirror, a crystal bright, all aglow.
The tip most part of the sun appears, a golden ball of flame,
Look! Its red-hot streaks of fire, like arrows set, ready to aim
And shoot upon a country side that welcomes it with delight.
What a difference from the darkness and the coldness of the night.
Between the mountain and the sun, comes a little strip of sky,
As the glittering patch of brightness, on its daily tour, climbs high.
And leaving it there in the heavens, a beauty I can't explain
I'd leave the mountain top, wishing I could come back agan.

BEVERLY SWEATT, 8-1.

MICKEY MOUSE

He lies alone in his tiny bed,
  Looks mighty healthy with cheeks so red;
His arm is wrapped around a tiny toy,
  A toy which is loved by this little boy.
One ear is torn, the other one gone;
  One shoe is off, the other one on.
The toy is sadly in need of repair,
  For you can see it has had much wear.
To this boy it has many charms;
  See how he holds it within his arms.
To us it is not needed in the house,
  For isn't it only, Mickey Mouse.

MARJORIE BRENNAN, 8-2.

MACABRE

First Prize—Senior high contest:

Madre di Dios! the wind is cold
That comes across this sea tonight;
There is no moon, the stars are dim—
And home is far . . .
  The waters moan beneath the bow
  Moan for the soul of one in hell . . .
Santa Maria! give me dreams of home,
And loose the frigid hand around my heart.
Jose plays with his little goat
Under noonday's golden sun . . .
Noon? This noon we hung a man—
Hung him on the yardarm bare
In the golden light of noon.
The buttons shone on his scarlet coat;
The buckles gleamed on his ragged shoes—
The sun is gold at noon.
Water makes music, sweet and cool
Splashing in the courtyard pool.
Cursed water! Water splashed
When yonder sleeping boy, white-faced
Out upon the yardarm crept
And cut the rope . . .
Carmen stands at her window grill
And lays a rose upon the sill—
Petals look like drops of blood
That flowed beneath a glitt'ring knife—
So we hung a man from the yardarm there!
Madre di Dios! Plead for me!
The waters moan for a soul in hell—
My soul. He looked at me
His eyes were sad, but no other knew—
I should have hung on the yardarm there!

ELIZABETH OGILVIE, 12-2.

SONNET ON FUTILITY

Honorable Mention—Senior high contest:

O she was fair, so fair, a spring fresh flower,
Twin lambent flames of blue slim brows beneath,
And lovely head enrapt with gold, a shining wreath
Of twisted sunlight. When she spoke, the hour,
Recalled the silver voice with borrowed power
And in reluctant trembling would bequeath
It unto silence, slipping by in grief.
Her slim foot pressed the heart of earth and o'er
All nature throbbed a joy to feel her pass.
Then was it but for this they laid her there.
And laved her youth with myrrh and spiced oil
And bound her limbs with linen? So the grass
Might bear one bloom, so consumately fair
Above her dark, lone house in humble soil?

ELIZABETH BALCOM.

THE DOOR

Honorable Mention—Senior high contest:

I idled by the sea one day.
The sun so warm, the wind so sweet;
I stopped to watch the waves at play;
I watched them rise, and curl, and meet
The yellow sand in snowy foam—
I watched a sea-gull flying home.
I leaned against a slate-grey stone;
I sifted sand through idle hands,
And let my thoughts just drift and roam
Like wanderers in foreign lands.
But soon they stopped, and as of yore
Beat futile fists against a door.
Always when my thoughts would soar
Far upwards, like the sea-gull'd flown,
They reach a barred and close-locked door,
In mocking letters marked "Unknown."
And all conjecture that I fling
Can never make that great door swing.
I know behind that door there lies
The book in which the future's told,
Sadly I rose, and out to sea,
With wet and puzzled eyes I stared
But suddenly a thought reached me—
I caught my breath, a child scared
For if that door had opened wide,
Could I 've returned once more this side?

HAZEL BORNE, 12-1

NOCTURNE

She was lifted up.
And all around about rolled the thunder
Of legion chanting, glorious seraphims.
The crystal air with song was burst asunder
As joyous hosts pealed forth a holy wonder.
All time a bridged hiatus of encircling rims
Devolving on one instant. And celestial hymns
In golden glory towered quivering high.
And she was then descended while afar
From stillness and grey dawning in the sky,
As if in echo of that heaven flung cry
Rose thin, sweet canticles of cherubims
And she in gentle peace but watched His slumber
And sang a lullaby beneath a star.

ELIZABETH BALCOM, 12-1.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS

Softly stealing into the night,
These pretty children go.
They make a lovely Christmas sight,
Out in the pure, white snow.
They wish to bring to all the earth
The message sweet and dear,
And we, all sitting round the hearth,
Their songs do clearly hear.
Soon everyone picks up the tune
Which these dear children sing,
And everyone realizes, soon
The Christmas bells will ring.

ELEANOR S. HAWKINS, 9-1.

TO DISCONTENTED COWS AND PERIWINKLES

Poor little periwink deep in the mud.
Poor brindle cow sadly chewing your cud.
Would'st thou roam where my vessel doth sail?
Would'st thou follow o'er hill and o'er dale?
Up little periwink! Start gentle cow!
Follow me quick and follow me now!
Presto and chango and alagazam!
Take for a while, the shape of a man!
You, bashful Perry don't envy crustaceans,
For they will on Friday be food for the nations.
Nor must you envy those beautiful shellfish,
Which are either collected or soon form a hot-dish.
Either of these are at mercy of wave,
But you are well hid in your dark muddy cave.
Too small to eat and too ugly to treasure,
How happy you live in your periwink pleasure!
And you good dame Bovis, can smirk at the ass,
The mule and the horse and the eaters of grass.
They for slight freedom must toil till they drop;
You've just to give milk with a good deal of top.
Beasts of the wild live in danger of death,
Yet you have protection and ease in one breath.
Even the pets are quite often neglected,
While poorly cared cows are scarce ever detected.
Be thou contented in life "sons" excitement.
I'll let it be known for your future enlightment,
That you'll rank more high in your four fotted heaven,
You, mournful bovine, the friend of the children,
And you'll be more happy in under-sea Hades,
You, bashful winkle, as pet of the ladies,
Then all these you envy while chewing your cud,
And all those you envy while stuck in your mud.

JOSEPH COSTELLO, 12-1.

A CRIMSON SAGA

When we wore the feather, the bright crimson feather
And on it a small black "N,"
We packed Comin's Field, to see Quincy yield
All honors to our fighting men.
Though our men were lighter, their courage was brighter
The crimson would never say die,
We knew the battle they'd take, that a touchdown they'd make,
For the glory of North Quincy High.
The weather near zero, each player a hero,
The battle waged to the end.
When one met disaster, they only worked faster
Their sacred goal to defend.
Though Quincy might flout them, they never could rout them,
And our cheers went up to the sky.
The year near completed, with team undefeated,
They brought glory to North Quincy High.

VIRGINIA BROADBENT, 12-3.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Oh! for the winter jolly,
Oh! for joys galore,
With mistletoe and holly
From the ceiling to the floor.
On rolls the Christmas spirit,
On rolls that thought so sweet,
And now we oft do hear it
"And they kssed His tiny feet."
From Christmas Eve 'till Twelfth night
The candles ne'er stop glowing;
They set off such a pretty sight,
And winter winds keep blowing.

MERLE LOWELL, 9-1.

Meilleurs Souhaits de Noël à nos Nombreux et Fidèles Amis

Mon Meilleur Noël

L'année dernière je passais mes vacances de Noël d'une manière bien extraordinaire. Mon frère et moi, nous sommes allés à la petite île où nous passons tous les étés. En été, c'est un bel endroit, mais en hiver, bien qu'il y soit aussi beau, il fait trop froid là en cette saison.

Nous sommes restés chez mon cousin qui est écrivain et qui est le propriétaire de l'île, et pendant notre séjour mon frère comptait peindre des tableaux de l'océan en hiver. Tandis qu'il peignait de belles scènes, je patinais et je me promenais avec les jeunes gens du village.

L'île n'est pas isolé, car un petit bateau à vapeur, long de soixante-cinq pieds, fait le service entre l'île et quelques petits villages. Quelquefois, en hiver, quand il y a des tempêtes effrayantes, le Céleste n'y vient pas, mais naturellement nous pensions qu'il viendrait pour nous chercher.

Quelques jours avant notre départ, il faisait grand vent et les vagues sont devenues plus grandes qu'à l'ordinaire. Les tempêtes sur l'océan en hiver sont vraiment effroyables, et nous commencions à nous douter de quelque chose.

Le jour où nous avions l'intention de partir je me suis levée de bonne heure. Hélas! Le vent sifflait autour de la maison, il neigeait, et des vagues énormes battaient contre les grands rochers.

Tout en mangeant le petit déjeuner mon cousin nous a dit; "Le Céleste ne viendra pas aujourd'hui." Et il avait raison. Mon frère et moi, nous étions désolés, car en ce cas-là nous ne pourrions pas être avec la famille pour les fêtes de Noël.

Isolés sur l'île à la Noël! Voilà pourquoi, quand il ne neigeait plus, pour nous amuser nous avons tourné des films ("movies") des vagues et de l'océan qui étaient très beaux et merveilleux.

Mon cousin a aussi fait des photographies des pins couverts de neige. Dans l'après-midi les jeunes gens et les jeunes filles du village sont venus me chercher et nous nous sommes promenés le long du bord de la mer et montés une colline où nous avons allumé un feu pour nous chauffer.

Quand nous sommes retournés chez mon cousin nous avons pris des consommations chaudes, nous avons mangé des pommes et, d'ailleurs, nous avons fait du "pop-corn."

Comme cadeaux de Noël mon cousin m'a offert un de ses vieux livres les plus rares et mon frère m'a donné cinq dollars. C'était un joyeux Noël, je vous en assure.

ELIZABETH OGILVIE, 12-2.

Les Objets trouvés

Quand vous trouvez quelque chose, un stylo par exemple, considérez-le comme celui d'un ami. Pensez à celui qui l'a perdu. Quelles sensations éprouve-t-il? Il regrettera de l'avoir perdu, quand il en aura besoin plus tard. Maintenant il ne pourra pas s'en servir.

Voudriez-vous qu'on garde ce que vous aviez perdu, surtout si c'était quelque chose qui vous était précieux? Alors essayez bien de rendre ce que vous avez trouvé, parce qu'il n'est pas vraiment à vous et vous n'y avez pas droit de le garder.

Dans cette école nous avons un département des objets trouvés qui se trouve dans la salle de classe "sept." Allez-y quand vous trouverez quelque chose et laissez-le avec la maîtresse qui est là. D'ailleurs, il faut y aller pour chercher ce qu'on a perdu.

En somme, quand vous trouvez quelque chose, si vous le rendez au propriétaire vous suivrez le conseil du proverbe—

"Faites ce que vous voudriez qu'on vous fît."

ARTHUR SCHUH, 12-1.

La Plante précieuse

Deux servantes, Marie et Jeanne, portaient chacune un panier très lourd. Celle-ci murmurait tout le temps et se plaignait de la pesanteur de ce qu'elle portait. Celle-là riait et plaisantait sur le poids de son panier.

Jeanne a dit, "Mon panier n'est pas plus lourd que le vôtre. Êtes-vous donc plus forte?"

"J'ai une petite plante que j'ai mise dans le mien pour en diminuer le poids," répondit Marie.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est?"

"J'ai ici dans mon panier la plante précieuse qui rend tous les fardeaux légers. C'est la patience."

EDWARD BENTLEY,
Room 310, Div. 11-1.

Niagara Falls

Tous les pays du monde ont leurs beaux endroits où on peut séjourner et voir les beautés de la nature. Un de ces endroits aux États-Unis est la chute du Niagara. Cette chute est très jolie, surtout pendant la pleine lune. La nuit elle est illuminée par des globes électriques de couleurs variées. L'effet est merveilleux! Il monte du bas de la chute une poussière d'eau qui étincelle. Les eaux qui tombent font un grand bruit qu'on peut entendre à une grande distance.

Les rapides sont très intéressants. Il y a un wagonnet comme un gros panier qui porte des gens au-dessus des rapides. De là on peut regarder les eaux turbulentes au-dessous, et on pense qu'il ne serait pas agréable d'être dedans.

Il y a aussi une route qui passe sous la chute, et là on peut voir de près les eaux qui se précipitent.

C'est une visite intéressante ce que celle de la visite à la chute du Niagara. Pourquoi n'y allez-vous pas un de ces jours?

RICHARD CARLSON, Div. 11-1.

La Mort de l'été et l'arrivée de l'hiver

Pendant quatre mois l'été avait regné. Tout faisait chaud. Le soleil et la pluie faisaient pousser les arbres; et les fleurs devinrent belles. Mais après cette saison gaie, un jour en septembre, un vent froid parcourut la campagne. Toutes les fleurs et tous les arbres paraissaient malades. Les feuilles des arbres semblaient fiévreuses et elles se changeaient en toutes les couleurs d'automne; rouge, brune, et jaune. Enfin les feuilles se desséchèrent et tombèrent, laissant seuls les arbres qui avaient été leurs parents.

Bientôt la première neige couvrait la terre. Pas une tache ne salissait cette couverture blanche. Pendant la tempête de neige, tout le monde restait au coin du feu, mais quand le soleil brillait encore, les enfants s'amusaient dans la neige et sur les rivières qui étaient couvertes de glace.

Mais quand même les enfants sont actifs lorsque l'hiver arrive, la nature semble dormir et c'est une saison de repos. Cependant, on aime cette saison parce qu'elle nous amène le Jour des Actions de Grâce et la Fête de Noël, et qui n'aime pas ces fêtes-là?

JOSEPH COSTELLO, 12-1, 304.

School Activities

We extend to the following teachers a hearty welcome to the North faculty. We hope you will find pleasant working conditions, congenial companionship with your fellow teachers and interesting relationship with your pupils.

Miss Beatrice M. Anderson
Miss Ethel C. Crockett
Miss Myrtle Goires
Miss Edith Howlett
Mr. Edward Landy
Miss Mary MacGregor
Miss Doris Smith
Miss A. Louise Stetson
Mr. Donald West
Miss Louise Whitney
Miss Gladys Wilkie

LETTER TO PEG

North Quincy High School,
North Quincy, Massachusetts,
December 1, 1933.

Dear Peg:

Today as I was dusting my room I was thinking of the fun we had together in Chicago. We saw the Fair right, didn't we? I never dreamed that when you left North after graduating from the ninth grade with me and moving to Chicago, that I would ever have the chance to see you again. Wasn't it lucky that we were able to find a place to stay so near you? Remember the Indian Villages? A full-blooded Indian Chief came to North the other day and gave an entertainment. He reminded me so much of that day and of the fun we had. But gosh, Peg, you don't want this letter to be about the fair; we both saw that. You said that as soon as I got settled down again, if ever, that you wanted me to write all about everything. Really, honey, you didn't know what you were letting yourself in for.

At present I am looking directly at a red feather stuck in a picture on my wall. That feather stands for a wonderful thing. You used poor judgment when you left our beloved city in your ninth school year. You remember that last year I wrote to you about that marvelous mountain of humanity, Coach Jack Donohue? He's one of the reasons why North beat Quincy High. Think of it! Everyone who could possibly get there saw the game. Peg, it will go down in the annals of North Quincy High. By the way, remember that nice kid named Joly whom you thought was the very last word when you went to North? You might be interested to know that it was he who made the winning touchdown. When Quincy knocked Mitchell and Bryan out of play, the rest of the boys were so peeved that they went out and won the game.

But to get back to the feathers . . . they are of a vivid scarlet with a black N on the tip. I can hear you say, "Black and Red? How come, Van?" It was this way. You know that now we are a Junior-Senior High. So in order to be distinguished from the Juniors we have changed our colors. The joke of it was that the first three teams that we played this season also had red and black for their colors!

We had football pins too, they read "BEAT QUINCY." Have you enough native intelligence left to read that both ways? Needless to say they both went over in a big way. We sold them all. There always was a fine spirit here at North even if at times it did hide its light under a bushel. I'm only going to tell you one more thing before I leave football for other topics. Peg, we won the South Shore Championship! Please go right in and say to your father, for me, "I told you so!"

Say Peg, do you remember that time in the ninth grade when Miss Slattery came to North? She talked to us on a subject called "Ten Years from Today." She came again this year and was just as fine this time as before. She has travelled so much, seen and done so many things, and is so capable of putting her facts right over home plate, that you never tire of listening to her. It's great to hear someone who "shoots straight from the shoulder" for a change. This time she was telling us of the remarkable progress made by the youth of Russia, China and Germany. Really, it does seem as though most of us here in America are a lazy lot. Maybe it is because we have always had so much done for us. We are too dependent on our parents, teachers, and in fact almost all older people. Once you have heard Margaret Slattery you can't forget her; she makes you think.

Another fine programme that we had here at North was on the day before Armistice Day. Colonel Warren Sweetser of the American Legion and of the school committee spoke in connection with National Education Week. That was the day that the band made its first public appearance. They were on the stage and played a few selections, including the school song. Pardon me, Peg, I said "including the school song." Huh, I should have said that "incidentally a few other pieces were played." We didn't give a hoot whether anything else was played or not. That new song was North's hit-of-the-week. It's grand! I will enclose the words to it, but I wish that you could hear the music. Of course you remember Miss Howes, Supervisor of Music in Quincy, and Miss Otten, North's music teacher. They composed both the words and music. Isn't it great to think that after all this time

we have a song of our own now and not the hand-me-down from some college?

When I went into Miss Leavitt's English Class the other day I saw six perfectly corking chalk illustrations tacked up on her boards. They were the artist's conceptions of some of Dickens' most famous characters. The artist was Edward Payne the man who draws that famous comic strip called "Billy, the Boy Artist," appearing in one of our Boston Sunday papers. It seems he had done them as a chalk talk to go along with a lecture he gave to the Women's Club on Dickens.

You were asking about the other wing of the building. Mr. Muir says that the work on it will begin as soon as the city can afford it. I certainly hope that the city will be "in the money" again before long.

Oh, before I forget it, there is something really rather humorous that I have to tell you. Do you remember Arthur M————? Well, he came over last Saturday and asked Dad if he could borrow our canoe, said he was going duck-hunting. Dad said, "Sure, Arthur, but what's wrong with your own row-boat?"

"Oh," said Arthur, "I was rather careless with my gun the other day. I dropped it on the floor of my boat when it was loaded, and it went off. The shot went right through the bottom."

Wasn't it nice of him to prepare Dad for the worst? I just wanted you to know that Arthur hasn't changed a bit.

I think that I have about exhausted the fund of news available. If you want any more about North be sure to read the "MANET" that I will forward to you as soon as they come off the press.

Do write me a nice gossipy letter soon.

Love,

VAN.

HARVEST DANCE

Friday evening, November 3, an informal dance was held in the school cafeteria. In accordance with the time of year, the cafeteria was decorated with cornstalks, autumn leaves and pumpkins. Music was furnished by Tom Lee's orchestra, appropriately costumed in harvest clothes. In addition to the dancing, several tables of bridge were in play, and the gymnasium was opened for ping-pong. This dance, unique in its variety of entertainment, was one of the most successful affairs ever held at North. Our appreciation is tendered to Mrs. Frye and Mr. Price, who with their committee helped to make this dance a success.

JAMES GILMARTIN.

NATIONAL EDUCATION WEEK

Beginning November 6, National Education Week was observed at North. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons were set aside for consultations with the parents and teachers, and Thursday evening a gymnasium exhibition was given by the boys and girls under the supervision of Mr. Rogers and Miss Perkins. Mr. Collins welcomed the parents and urged them to visit the school often. This programme has enabled the parents to become better acquainted with the work at school and with the faculty.

JAMES GILMARTIN.

(*Continued from Page 27*)

"It is a coincidence," agreed the other with a smile, "and I believe I have just the position for you. Hook recommended you highly and without exaggeration, I see."

The door closed behind the young man as he happily left the office—to return as an employee the next morning. Under his arm peered the face of a small dog. Just to bring attention to himself the puppy barked. Barked is not the word. The noise was something best described as a small anxious woof; nevertheless it served its purpose.

"We eat, dog!" the young man stated. The dog wiggled his delightful agreement.

At that moment the door to the room they had just quitted, opened and Hartwell asked with some hesitation, "Oh—er—Carrington. Is that your dog?"

"Why—"

"Would you consider selling him? My son has taken a fancy to him. See, the dog likes Charles, too."

"So he does," murmured Carrington. The small dog knocked the boy over in his excitement.

"You may have him," continued Carrington slowly. "He isn't mine.—only a stray I found."

"Just as soon pay you something for him. Fact is, I'd feel better if I did."

Refusing the proffered money, Carrington turned to go away. The puppy stopped his play with the child and gazed after his former companion. Seeing that he was to be left behind, he barked loudly, really barked, and made his four little legs hurry as fast as they could go.

The pursued turned and looked with some embarrassment at Hartwell.

"He doesn't seem to want to stay," he said in confusion. As the young man gathered the dog in his arms and turned to go, the father picked up his young son. The eyes of the two men met.

"I understand," the elder replied simply.

ETHEL HOWELL, 11-4.

Cast of "The Maker of Dreams"

From left to right: Priscilla Wallace, Ethel Howell, Mary O'Meara, Mary Hughes, Pauline Hopey, Ruth Agnew, Harriet Cleary, Betty Wallace, Anna Strang, Bethia Morrill.

IMPRESSIVE INSTALLATION

The girls of the senior divisions witnessed one of the most impressive spectacles ever beheld at North, when the Junior and Senior Girls' Clubs united to hold a joint programme. It is hard to tell which deserves the most credit, the Installation or the play, "The Maker of Dreams," given by both clubs.

The Installations were in the form of candle ceremonies. The Junior Club installed its officers first. Helen Vandeleur, departing president, installed Anita Giardino, after a brief speech in which she stated the dreams and ideals of the girls. After being installed, Anita gave a charming talk in which she outlined the work for the coming year. Anna Cashman was re-elected to her office of vice-president so she renewed her vows. Catherine Zottoli, the departing secretary, installed Greta Beach, the incoming secretary. As the departing treasurer is no longer at North, Anita installed Ruth Agnew, our new treasurer. Following this the Senior Installation was held. Pauline Hopey, the departing president, installed Mary Hughes, after a delightfully interesting address. Anna Cummings, past vice-president, installed Connie Joselyn. Following this Marjorie Hayes installed Betty Andros, the incoming secretary. Owing to the fact that Carol Ekstrom has been re-elected to her office of treasurer she merely renewed her oath of office. Mary Hughes then gave her inaugural address which was without a doubt one of the finest ever given by a girl here at North.

I think that Connie Joselyn has rarely sung better than she did when she sang a score of songs and then the theme song of the play, "The Maker of Dreams."

"Dreams! Dreams! Who speaks of dreams?" Surely the junior and senior girls' clubs do. Not of idle dreams do they tell us, but of dreams of service to their school, their community, and to themselves.

The costumes, the suit worn by Pierrot; the ballet dress worn by Pierrette; the lovely wisps worn by the star and moon maidens; the slashing outfit of the Old Man of the Moon; and the cloak of the Old Woman of the Moon, should have made Mrs. Ross, the Costume Director feel proud of the major part she played in making the production a successful one. The lovable Pierrot, with his dreams; the winsome Pierrette, who loved everything about Pierrot except his dreaming; and the lovely maidens, all played their parts to perfection. Even the Old Man and Woman, ordinarily two charming girls, acted so well that we actively disliked them for the duration of the play.

(*Continued on Page 47*)

High Honor Pupils

(First Ten Weeks)

High honor standing requires A in all subjects except one; that one must be a B. Honor standing requires that no mark be lower than B. In both high honor and honor standing satisfactory citizenship is required.

Twelfth Grade — Anna Cummings, Noyes Farmer, Mary Gilmartin, Catherine Horton, Elizabeth Ogilvie, Arthur Schuh, Barbara Wragg.

Eleventh Grade—George Hill, Bethiah Morrill.

Tenth Grade — Dwane Aldrick, Josephine Cambria, Mary Cassie, William Feeney, Gladys Finney, Dorothy Leonard, Mary Macomber, Dorothy Robbins.

Ninth Grade—Walter Anderson, Margaret Childerhouse, Martha Collins, Evelyn Fagin, Vlasios Georgian, Ralph Gillies, Stephen Horton, Everett Pope, Burton Smith, Dorothy Stebbins.

Eighth Grade—Shirley Dien, Edward Gartland, Barbara Munro, Patricia O'Neil.

Seventh Grade—Richard Cotter, Luella Eaton, Arthur Georgian, Shirley Goldberg, Ruth Whitney.

HONOR PUPILS

Twelfth Grade—Elva Aitkens, Elizabeth Balcom, Hazel Borne, Anna Burns (P.G.), Helen Carroll, Marjorie Cleary, Marie Donovan, Frank Dowding, Marjorie Edwards, Mildred Elliot, Dorothy Finn, Rena Griffith, Frances Hughes, Mary Hughes, Margaret Hunt, Robert Keith, Ruth Kennedy, Helen Leary, Alma Libby, Ethel Little, Ruth Miles, Edith Nicholl, Norma Pare, Helen Patterson, Robert Pickett, Martha Reynolds, June Ritchie, Gertrude Robertson, Thomas Ryan, Lillian Smith, Robert Smith, Lorraine Stevens, Mable Stewart, Harry Taylor, Russell Urquhart, George Wanzer.

Eleventh Grade—Greta Beach, Edward Bentley, Richard Carlson, Frances Curtis, Eleanor DeVries, Estelle Fagin, William Frye, Margaret Gifford, Robert Hallowell, Bettina Hayden, Dorothy Plummer, Ethel Redford, Agnes Walker, Elsie Young.

Tenth Grade—Louise Bowker, Irene Brooks, Marion Cobb, Charles Congdon, Eleanor Costa, Edith Cox, Fred Doherty, Robert Everson, Seibert Fahey, Wesly Feurtado, Ebba Galberg, Gordon Gray, Burt Hanson, Maybelle Hume, Elmer Jones, Barbara Lindberg, Charles McCauley, Claire Monteith, Robert Olson, William Peloquin, Myran Phillips, Charles Reeks, Marguerite Reynolds, Robert Stewart, Carolyn Trop, Claire Tuco, Louis Yelland.

Ninth Grade—Edith Berg, Ethel Bettoney, Wallace Bixby, Avis Buzzelle, Ethel Clark, Olive Copeland, Barbara Davis, Paul Dennison, Elsie DeWolf, Kathryn Fontaine, William Fox, Bertha Greenough, Eleanor Hawkins, Ruth Hayden, John Hermistone, Priscilla Jenkins, Lillian Larson, Merle Lowell, Ernest Mandeville, James McLellan, Cynthia Metzger, Robert Navin, Ruth Parker, Nancy Plummer, Ruth Reynolds, Richard Rouse, Patricia Ryan, Harold Scollin, James Shute, Robert Smith, Gertrude Stewart, Gurmai Thornton, Rosemary Walman, Grace Willy.

Eighth Grade — Richard Aldrick, Winifred Becker, Robert Bliss, Helen Boyajian, Edythe Bright, Agnes Burckhart, Helen Butts, William Cameron, John Canty, Marion Cole, Phyllis Cox, June Delaney, Thelma DeLoid, James Donovan, William Dunn, Dorothy Farmer, Margaret Fontaine, Saba Foster, Mary Fulerton, Marie Gandreau, Claire Germaine, Maurice Graves, Bickwell Hall, James Haskell, Homer Hathaway, Barbara Keith, Mildred Knight, Betty Lever, Howard MacDougal, Charlotte Manderville, Ethel Marder, Janice McGowan, Jeannette McNally, Olive Morrill, Georgina Newell, Cynthia Nicholl, Frances O'Connor, Louise Oliver, Audrey O'Neil, Jean Owen, David Pitman, Pearl Raiche, Marjorie Reddy, Joseph Schauer, Dorothy Schrader, Edson Scudder, Richard Shaughnessy, Helen Smith, Richard Stevens, Beverly Sweatt, Louise Tierney, George Walker, Clara Ward, Albert Wight.

Seventh Grade—William Ball, Rosabelle Bartlett, Richard Bartlette, Mary Begley, Nancy Cahill, Betty Cameron, Roy Cavicchi, John Coghland, Patricia Cole, Charles Coyne, Beverly Crandall, Charles Crowell, Ruth Daggett, Hazel Dartt, Helen Davis, Gail Donovan, Joseph Driscoll, Elizabeth Dunne, Marjorie Eddy, Jean Early, Philip Ewing, Dorothy Fallows, Francis Fraumerri, Dorothy Hanagan, Carl Hartbower, Frank Hawco, Russell Hirtle, James Hughes, Norman Hurd, William Hutchinson, Evelyn Jakes, Robert Kenney, Edmund King, Frank Lawson, Beulah MacLeod, Marion Mainwaring, John Mara, Robert Martell, Agnes McNally, Dorothy Naumann, Ethel Nicholson, Vivian Okerfelt, Carol Philip, Agnes Reynolds, Doris Rioux, Ellen Roach, Mac Rumrill, Warren Sawyer, Gene Spragne, Dorothy Staples, Marjorie Tilden, Richard Treco, Pauline Ward, James Young.

Clubs

Due to the absence of the club editors, the joke department (self-appointed) has edited this issue's articles. The authors, wishing to ereate an interest in the eolumn, have tried a new style of write-up so we apologize for any serious thoughts in the following paragraphs.

Address all eomplaints to Adair and Costello, Bureau of Missing Persons.

The Archery Club offers you

A chanee to aequire target skill, even if the only bull's-eye you hit (or miss) is painted on canvas.

The First Aid Club offers you

A knowledge of the most helpful art of medieine. It will prepare you to meet most emergencies. We refer those with teeth or nails to be pulled, pains in the neek, eramps from over-eating, etc., to this elub. It will be their first and last aid.

The Junior Glee Club offers you

Revenge. You who have listened to the howls of the Senior Glee Club may reply in kind. I asked one boy why he was in the club. He told me he didn't like the teaeher. How these teachers are abused! Seriously, however, they're doing splendid work.

The Cooking Club offers you

A man's dream eome true—for there really are left in the world girls who revel in the culinary art.

The Junior Hi-Y Club offers you

A soeial period with the same aims as the Senior Hi-Y. The elub, besides promoting high standards of Christian eharaeter, gives some darn good entertainment, aecording to the boys. (These entertainments usually inelude meals.)

The Debating Club offers you

Debating experience along all lines. Most pupils realize the importance of being able to plead their cases adequately, and sometimes the results are even better than expeeted. Parents know that.

The Knitting and Crocheting Club offers you

Construetive amusement initiated by our new first lady and rapidly beeoming a long latent fad. Although we're not expeeting a war just at present, it's niee to be able to knit.

The Art Club offers you

Instruetion along lines taken up in sehool and more advaneed work also. Many pupils who joined at the beginning of the year already had quite a degree of talent; but, we are sorry to say, there are members whose talent is still undiscovered.

The Chess Club offers you

Opportunity to really learn this fascinating game, with its ancient aneestry. Surprising as it may seem, the members become serious thinkers for the length of the elub period. (External appearances point that way, although, of course, we're not mind readers.)

The Dressmaking Club offers you

Experienee in one of the most useful arts, that of using a needle gracefully, and we don't mean for removing splinters.

The Know Your City Club offers you

Aequaintanceship with many of the eity's historie sites. Often it is the ease that visitors from other parts of the eountry know and appreciate our own wealth of the past more than we do. After all the knowledge gained in finding their way around Quiney, we expeet the members to have become proficient in directing those self-same strangers.

The Gift Club offers you

The satisfaetion of being able to make gifts that will delight both your friends and you. Skill along this line eomes in handy particularly around Christmas time.

The Gym Club offers you

Something for whieh you have wished — an extra shower. All you Tarzans and King Kongs can revel in the many sports found in the Gym Club. The elub will develop your minds and bodies (sueh as they are) and wake you from your all-day slumber.

The Girls' Clubs offer you

The only high sehools units for girls in the sehool. One of their many seerets of popularity is in the faet that they follow the movie stars. At least we gathered the faet from their exeellent impersonations during club. (We don't mean by using Lux Soap, either.)

The Junior Orchestra offers you

A demonstration of your talents (?). Music has been called the nearest thing to heaven, but one often wonders. Far be it from us to praise any club. Nevertheless, we believe the members to be better musicians than either the horseshoe players or the cooks.

The Needlework Club offers you

A chance to make any useful articles to be used personally (we doubt it), or more likely as gifts.

The Piano Club offers you

An invaluable preparation for advanced playing. As long as its practice is confined, we have nothing against it. We will censor severely, however, such pieces as Chopsticks, Prelude in C Minor, and Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More.

The Riding Club offers you

The possibility of becoming a really good rider. Instruction is of the best, and the club, although comparatively new, is one of which we are justly proud. Ah, me—but pride goeth before a fall, so some of the members informed us.

The Short Story Club offers you

An audience for those unpublished stories. Failing to find proper recognition at home, the pupils (budding authors) have formed a society, with a code (N. R. A.) for writing and reading stories. (You listen to mine and I'll listen to yours.)

The Senior Glee Club offers you

Participation in one of the school's most valued activities, the annual operetta. Besides this, it serves the assemblies at various occasions such as Thanksgiving and Christmas.

P. S.—Heh! Heh!

The Stamp Club offers you

Romance. That spell from afar. Come and learn of the world in studying the world's stamps. Come wander in imagination through romantic Aitutopi, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Schleswig, Holstein, Sarawak, etc. (If this won't stop you, nothing will.)

The Study Clubs offer you

Sleep, beautiful sleep! Yet we frown upon them, and the less said the better.

The Home Beautiful Club offers you

Ample opportunity to study interior decorating (?) that may be found useful to its members. (With hard liquor coming back, we hope not.) Incidentally, they make pillows, too.

The Movie Club offers you

Instruction in running moving picture machines and profiting from the past, what is more to the point, knowledge of their mechanics. Why not give us a break and show the preview of Mae West's latest flicker, "Saint Louis Woman?"

The Horseshoe Club offers you

An outlet for emotion. You should see the boys toss those shoes around after an English or Math test! Can you toss six ringers in a row, hit a match at twenty yards in one shot, or even shoot a ringer backwards? Well, neither can they.

The Leaders' Club offers you

A training school for character. Have you ever wanted to take the teacher's place, or to lead a group, acquire poise, majesty, dependability, confidence, in fact, "it"? Well, you can learn in thirty-five lessons. If Napoleon did it, why not you?

The Nature Club offers you

Nature in the Raw. The joke department finds only seriousness here. A dignified investigation recently showed that leaves do not fall. "Due to the lessened flow of cell sap the consequent weakening of the stem-fibers, augmented by air currents, gives an example of the law of gravity."

The Book Lovers' Club offers you

The privilege of reading any of the books in the library of interest to your particular tastes. Its primary purpose is enjoyment, so why don't you e'mup some time?

The Senior Hi-Y Club offers you

A free swim. We wish in no way to question the high purposes of the club. However, some nasty slanderer hints that the games and swimming enjoyed, plus the meals and occasional meetings with the Girls' Club, are great inducements.

Girls' Athletics

The editors of this department feel that more girls have participated in sports in the last year or so than ever before. With this in mind, Miss Perkins, our gym instructor and coach, has made out a program of athletics that will surpass any we have had before. There has been some question as to what the girls really do throughout the year.

In the middle of September the Senior girls were engaged in soccer, while our Juniors were competing against each other in batball. Due to inconsistent weather, the soccer season ended early.

The brisk October and November afternoons were excellent for horseback riding. The club which was formed for this has, you know, gone to the riding school and received instruction while enjoying a pleasant ride. On rainy days the club has gone bowling. It is hoped that this club will continue its functions even though the ground is under a blanket of snow.

Perhaps basketball is the most popular sport of the year. This game relieves the monotony of cold winter days and builds up the body of the participant. A school team will be chosen from the senior divisions and intra-mural basketball will be played between classes. Incidentally, girls, come out and learn how to play.

The usual sports which follow up basketball are baseball, which is an intra-mural sport here, tennis, which will be played in the form of a tournament, and track, which is interesting to many. The faculty and the alumni will offer the girls competition in every sport.

Anna Cashman.

SOCCER

The Senior girls have had a short but most enjoyable soccer season. "Jack Frost" drove the girls from the field and thus prevented some interesting games between the various teams. Under the supervision of Miss Gladys Perkins, practice was held on Wednesdays at 3.00 o'clock at the Hollis Avenue playground. At the first few meetings Miss Perkins coached the girls on rules and positions, as most of them had never played before. Soon afterwards teams were chosen every week to play against one another. The whistle was blown at mistakes made by either team; this, of course, served to make for the betterment of each side.

At one of the practices some young boys from a nearby grammar school wished to occupy the field for football. It wasn't any time before the girls saw "Nat" Butler running at top speed with the football under her arm. Following at her heels came the young "gang" in an effort to reclaim their ball. As soon as the girls observed this they joined in the mad chase, which ended in a "pig-pile."

In the backfield Barbara Russell, West and Morse have done some fine blocking, and Deering. Cosgrove and Pratt in the front line have done some excellent dribbling and head tapping. Darling and Hughes at half-back worked together brilliantly. The footwork in the front line had much to do with the scoring of some of the teams.

Anna Cashman.

JUNIOR BATBALL TOURNAMENT

The last few months have been prosperous for the Juniors. Because most of the basketball season is for the Seniors, Miss Perkins has devoted much of her time in managing a tournament for Grades 7, 8 and 9. The tournament is well on its way; the middle grade is in the semi-finals, while the others are in the quarter-finals.

This game was introduced last year, and the lower grades find much fun in playing. There is much enthusiasm and the competition is keen.

From the sidelines we are able to notice some especially wide-awake contestants, and there are a number of these girls who excel in other sports. This is a good lead-up game for basketball, so we should have a large showing from the Juniors. This game requires fast, accurate passing in the field and speedy foot and head work on the part of the runner.

The following divisions are ahead now: 7-1, 7-7, 7-10, 7-11, in the eighth grade; 8-9, 8-8, 8-1 in the ninth grade; 9-2, 9-11, 9-7, 9-8.

Good luck to the winners!

Margaret Deering.

THE HORSEBACK RIDING CLUB

At the request of a large number of girls in the Junior Girls, Miss Perkins consented to sponsor a horseback riding club which would ride during club periods on Tuesdays. The call for members was answered by a group of thirteen girls.

From eight to ten girls are able to ride every week. The girls are given practically private lessons, and along with learning how to ride they will be taught to saddle and bridle a horse and the care of the horse. Already the girls have been taught mounting and dismounting, the handling of single and double reins, saddle seat, stirrup length and foot position, posting to the trot and cantering, and road courtesy.

The Blue Hill bridle paths are beautiful at all times of the year; all the fall coloring and other advantages are worth much more than the money paid.

Some of the pupils have gone three or four times already and thoroughly enjoyed it. The only trouble is that the hour passes too quickly.

During the rainy days the girls went bowling. This may be a mixture of sports, but they like it.

The following girls have joined:

Betty Day, June Graham, Barbara Keith, Ruth Sullivan, Lucy Pompeo, Alice McLaughlin, Dorothy Stebbins, Irma Westerling, Anita Maxwell, Alice Jenkins, Mary Reid, Audrey O'Neil and Ruth Redman.

Margaret Deering.

CLASS ATHLETICS

The gym classes this year have even been more enjoyable than last, and that's going some. The seventh grades, which are having physical education in the gym for the first time, have proved their appreciation a hundred times. They have had games, tricks and exercises which are not quite so strenuous as the higher grades.

Volley ball has been played in a large number of classes, and the girls realize that they have room for much expansion as far as this sport is concerned. At North, this sport has not been given much attention until this year. The classes have also had apparatus work, corner kick-ball, pyramid building, along with some other games and stunts which exercise the big-muscle groups. In the smaller classes they are enabled to play basketball.

No, we have not forgotten the games played outdoors when the weather permits—high jumping, baseball and outdoor volley-ball.

Margaret Deering.

A SWIMMING TALK GIVEN TO THE JUNIOR GIRLS' CLUB

On November 16 the Junior Girls' Club met and had an informal social. Anita Giardino, president of the organization, held a short business meeting, at the close of which she introduced the guest of the day, Miss Paine, from the girls' division of the Quincy Y. M. C. A. Miss Paine gave a very interesting talk on the work done at the "Y." She stressed the fact that swimming is the main activity carried on at the "Y." The reason swimming is the largest activity is that it builds up all muscles, and through the cold winter months this is what one needs. She invited all the girls to go up there on Wednesday afternoons. They might either watch or join in what the group was doing. A small fee is imposed for the swimming and games. It is expected that a number of the girls will go to these classes throughout the winter. They realize they will benefit from it. At the close of the speech the refreshment committee served the guest, sponsors and the girls. Singing and music ended a delightful gathering.

Anna Cashman.

Boys' Athletics

Photo by Pierce

Standing: Coach Donahue: John Richardson, tackle; Andrew Kelley, tackle, George McAvoy, back; William Butterworth, back; George Mathurin, Jr., back; Thomas Ryan, back; Walter Bryan, back; Walter Joly, back; Howard Noble, center; Andrew Dooley, center; Edward Assmus, guard, Arthur Young, guard; Gardner Studley, end; Robert Leonard, tackle; George Bailey, back; Kenneth Harding, back; Donald Freestone, tackle; Clarence Metcalfe, mgr.; Assistant Coach Coolidge.

Middle Row: Frank Browne, trainer; Peter Zoia, back; Paul Reilly, end; Philip Leadbetter, center; Ralph Mettler, tackle; Frank Seitz, tackle; William Feurtado, guard; Arthur Nelson, back; Captain George Mitchell, center; Joseph McWeeney, guard; Fenton Power, guard; Russell Urquhart, tackle; George Murphy, end; James Fay, end.

Front Row: Curtis Butterfield, center; Joseph Nolan, end; Ralph MacLeod, end; Robert Smith, end; Robert Sawyer, back; Clarence Roberts, end; Herbert Tonry, back; Richard Pickett, center; Charles Murphy, guard; Herbert Dane, back; Joseph DeAvellar, guard; William Chisolm, end; and Kenneth Patten, end.

FOOTBALL

NORTH BUMPS WHITMAN 10-0

Coach Jack Donahue's North Quincy High School eleven tucked away its first victory of the year by taking the season's opener from Whitman, 10-0, at the Whitman American Legion Field before a good crowd. Although outweighed, Whitman put up a game battle, but could not pierce the fine defense displayed by the Red and Black.

North scored in each period but the first; a blocked kick in the second and third stanzas tallied safeties, while Walter Bryan crashed over for a touchdown in the final quarter. Quincy did not have much to worry about in regard to the home team's running attack, Whitman's chief offensive method being an aerial display which clicked mostly in the last half. Little George Chiros was the only local ball carrier to do any ground gaining through the line, with Pilot to Litchfield doing the business in the air.

For Coach Donahue, his line and the team's defensive play must have been the high spots. The Scarlet and Black frontier played a great game. Whitman could gain practically nothing on running plays, and several times they tackled the passer for big losses before he could get rid of the ball. Their splendid work allowed North to block two kicks, and on the offense they were charging hard and fast and cleaning out so, that Bryan did not have to hurry one punt. "Nobby" Reilly and Captain Mitchell were perhaps the most outstanding linemen. Reilly blocked the second kick for the second safety, and Mitchell backed up the line in fine fashion until he was hurt and taken out.

The backfield defensively looked good also. Tom Ryan, Walter Joly, Pete Zoia and "Cap" Bryan were one of the best units. Zoia was the team's best ground gainer, "Pete" putting the oval in position for the touchdown when he raced to the 11-yard line.

The injury jinx which had dodged the Scarlet and Black camp until the Thursday before game time, when "Bat" Nelson received a knee injury, cropped up with reserves in this tilt. "Cap" Bryan had his lip split open, "Te" Mitchell got a wicked crack on his side that put him out of commission, and "Russ" Urquhart wrenched an ankle.

For Whitman, "Charley" Thomas at center put up a beautiful battle, while Chiros, Pilot and Litchfield went well in the rear cordon. Litchfield was great on the defence, smacking down Northern ball toters right and left, and once he saved his team a score by intercepting a pass on his own 2-yard marker.

NORTH CRACKS SCITUATE CLUB 21-6

Coach Jack Donahue's rejuvenated North Quincy High football team rolled over the Scituate High eleven, 21-6, at Comin's Stadium before a good crowd to rope in their second victory of the year. Showing plenty of offensive drive and power, the Searlet and Black squad looked far more impressive than in their opening home clash against Marblehead. With "Bat" Nelson in the driving seat for the first time, "Russ" Urquhart back at his old left tackle post, and with Captain "Te" Mitchell at center, the local unit at full strength for the first time in three weeks, clicked admirably. Two touchdowns in the opening period gave North a substantial lead; the visitors tallied in the third quarter, and North pushed over a final score midway through the final stanza.

"Bat" Nelson, "Tom" Ryan and "Cap" Bryan scored for North in that order, Bryan place-kicking all three points after touchdowns. Stanley, Coach Stewart's hard-hitting fullback, galloped around North's left end for the lone point-getter, but his place-kick was no good.

"Pete" Zoia was the game's individual star, turning in two beautiful runs of 38 and 45 yards respectively that led up to the first two scores made by the home team. Slicing off his own left tackle early in the opening chapter, Zoia romped to Scituate's 17-yard stripe. A pass, Bryan to Murphy, put the ball on the 5-yard line, from where Zoia crashed to the 3-yard marker, and Nelson slithered over for the counter. Bryan's try for the extra point was squarely between the uprights.

The Scarlet and Black's second touchdown came about two minutes later in almost the same fashion. After Bryan booted the kickoff to Wilder, who lugged to the 33-yard line before being downed, and three line plays were smothered, Stanley kicked to Nelson on North's 30, the "Battler" returning to the 43.

On the very first play Zoia was off on his second long jaunt, this time waltzing 45 yards to the Blue and White's 12-yard mark. "Tom" Ryan banged his way to the 4-yard line, but this was nullified by an offside penalty. Back on the 17, "Tom" retaliated with gusto by snatching Bryan's pass and stepping about seven yards to score. Again "Cap" Bryan pumped his kick through the slot. For the remainder of the period and the second quarter Coach Donahue tossed subs into the game. The popular coach used just forty players in the battle.

Right after the kickoff beginning the second half, Stanley tossed a long pass to Studley, who was hauled down on the 8-yard line. Two line plays were stopped, then Stanley rode over for the counter.

For the Stewart-coached club, Stanley and Wilder in the backfield and Captain Graham in the forward wall stood out, while Murphy, Ryan, Zoia and Bryan were exceptional on the Northern team.

WEYMOUTH FALLS BEFORE NORTH 13-6

Scoring twice in the second period, North Quiney's Searlet and Black eleven rode to a 13-6 win over Weymouth High at the Weymouth Memorial Field before a large gathering of fans to hang up their second straight victory and their third of the season.

Walter Joly romped 54 yards for North's first counter, while a Bryan to Nelson aerial accounted for the other tally. Weymouth scored in the final quarter when Stewart, Maroon and Gold fullback, ran 32 yards through the whole North team.

The game was marked by a pair of great goal-line stands, each team contributing one. In the first period, soon after the kickoff, "Nobby" Reilly recovered a fumble that Hunt couldn't handle on the 20-yard marker.

Walter Joly rifled through his left tackle for four yards, and then ripped his way ten more yards to Weymouth's 6 before being hit. "Pete" Zoia went to the 4-yard marker, and there the attack halted. Zoia was tossed by Kelley for no gain, and then had his interference hurled into his teeth to pile him up on the next play. With fourth down and four yards to go, Weymouth's line hurried the North backs so much that a lateral missed connections completely, and the home forces captured the ball.

North put on her defensive show in the last period when she battered back the Maroon and Gold and didn't let them score, although at one time the leather rested on the half-yard line.

With about two minutes to play, Coach Donahue's lads threatened to score again. Reilly hit Stewart like a ten-ton truck and Stewart fumbled, "Russ" Urquhart recovering on the 5-yard line. "Cap" Bryan plowed to the 1-foot line, and then the officials suddenly became blind. Zoia cracked the line, was over by a yard, and then was pushed back.

In the rules this constitutes a touchdown, but the officials couldn't see it. On the next one, Bryan was way over the goal line, but again North wasn't given the score. The whistle then ended the battle.

For the scrappy host team, Sullivan, Stewart and Hunt went very well in the backfield, with Cavallo and Kelley shining in the line. Joly, Bryan, Murphy and Urquhart were outstanding for the Scarlet and Black. Walter Joly was the most consistent ground gainer in the game, and in backing up the line he was superb. Besides his 54-yard touchdown run, Joly intercepted a pass and was a defensive power. Bryan played a fine game also, reeling off several nice gains and doing most of the passing and kicking. Murphy, Urquhart and Reilly looked best in an improved line. All the linemen, especially "Phil" Leadbetter at center, showed up well, but Murphy, Urquhart and Reilly were exceptional.

BROCKTON 2NDS BEATEN 14-0

Knocking off the Brockton 2nds, 14-0, the North Quincy football entry picked up its fourth victory of the season and their third in a row at Comin's Stadium before a fair crowd. Tallying twice in the second period, the Northenders had little trouble in downing their guests from Brockton, and their superior play overshadowed the visitors' game.

For the first time since the opening tilt with Whitman, the North Quincy line behaved the way it should. The forward wall was cleaning out nicely and it put up a fine defensive game. An outstanding player couldn't be found in the line they were all so nearly equal, but Ryan and Joly stood out in the backfield. Joly pounded over for the second score and played his usual hard-hitting, dependable game. "Tommy" Ryan gained the most yardage of anyone on the field and continually had Brockton worried.

As in the Weymouth game, both of the Scarlet and Black's scores came in the second period. The initial touchdown came on the end of a 40-yard pass featuring Bryan on the tossing end and Murphy receiving. The forward was a beautiful throw, being right in Murphy's arms as he waited in the end zone. "Cap" Bryan shot his kick squarely between the posts to get the extra point. The second counter came at the end of a 77-yard march that had a flock of laterals as a background. After a pass was knocked down, "Whammo" Ryan reeled off 21 yards on a beautiful jaunt that found the egg finally resting on North's 44-yard marker. Joly tossed Nelson a lateral that was good for 31 yards and a Nelson to Bryan lateral picked up seven more precious yards and a first down. "Whammo" Ryan passed a lateral to Bryan, who was forced outside on the 2-yard line after a pair of line plunges gained but little. The next play saw Walter Joly drive through for a touchdown to climax the 77-yard parade. Again Bryan drove his place kick right through the slot to count an extra point.

North was robbed of two more scores when Referee Ettelman declared Bryan was not over the goal on a plunge from two yards and when a North lineman was offside after Walter Joly had scored. The first instance was a questionable decision and might have been called either way, but to the majority of persons on the goal line, Bryan seemed to have crossed the last white stripe. To take away Joly's score was a shame, as he was yards over the line after a beautiful play from the 6-yard mark, but the over-anxious lineman gummed things up.

It was interesting to note that Roberts, the kid quarter who was moved up from the scrubs to lead the first team against Fitchburg and Quincy, played against North, who held him well in check.

NORTH HELD TO SCORELESS TIE

By fumbling and booting her way around the soggy turf of Comin's Stadium, North Quincy's big Scarlet and Black grid machine passed up a number of scoring chances and so were held to a 0-0 draw by the Marblehead Jay Vees in the season's second encounter.

In direct contrast to her play of the previous week, Coach Donahue's team looked ragged as her backs fumbled the leather, and the whole squad just fumbled and booted their way around for four periods. In the first half each eleven had a couple of opportunities to score, but neither could connect. About the only thrill in the first half was Walter Joly's interception of a visiting pass that he strolled 33 yards with. The rest of the opening half was devoted to straight football, line plunging and kick.

In the third quarter each team had another opportunity to push across a counter, but North's died on the 12-yard stripe and Marblehead's on the 21. The final round found "Pete" Zoia grabbing an enemy pass on his own 20 and rolling to Marblehead's 30-yard line before being pulled down to produce the only feature.

Frank Seitz, big tackle, overshadowed everybody on the field with his great defensive play, but the line that looked so strong against Whitman was woefully weak and lax in this clash.

NORTH SMACKS HINGHAM 13-0

Upsetting the "dope bucket" and taking the "wise boys" for a ride, Coach Jack Donahue and his Scarlet and Black juggernaut brought home their fourth straight victory, when they took into camp the undefeated and untied Hingham team, 13-0, at Comin's Stadium.

With the line opening holes big enough to drive a tank through, the North Quincy backs sliced, slashed and battered their way to a pair of touchdowns, while passing up opportunities for another pair. The first came in the opening period, when "Bat" Nelson sped some 23 yards for the tally to culminate a great drive of 78 yards, while the second counter was carried over by "Pete" Zoia from the 30-yard line to mark the finish of a 64-yard march. "Cap" Bryan pumped his kick for the point after the first touchdown right down the alley, but his second try went awry.

Hingham started right away to scare the underdog North team when "Normie" Clark, brilliant Maroon and Gold quarterback, took "Cap" Bryan's kickoff on his own 13-yard marker and ran 44 yards through the entire North team, Nelson and Captain Mitchell forcing him offside on North's 43-yard line. Aided by a local offside, Hingham ground out a first down, but could get no farther. Here North started to buzz. With Walter Joly and "Wee Tommy" Ryan doing the bulk of the carrying, the Scarlet and Black showed sheer brilliance and power by generating five first downs during the course of the scoring process. After North reached the visitors' 23-yard streamer, Hingham called time out, and when play was resumed Nelson got off on his scoring run.

The second quarter saw North pass up a pair of scoring chances. Soon after the opening whistle Bryan tossed a flat pass to Nelson, who was in the clear, but the "Battler" stepped outside on the 8-yard stripe. Tom Ryan smashed to the 4, then Hingham held for three downs, finally booting out of danger.

Late in the period Ryan intercepted a pass tossed by Stonely on Hingham's 47 and romped to the 19-yard stripe before being brought down. This attack also fizzled out when Bennett duplicated Ryan's trick to pull his team out of the fire.

The third stanza found North recovering Donahue's fumble on their own 36, and four plays later "Pete" Zoia pulled off a clever bit of broken field running to jaunt 30 yards and score touchdown number two. Tom Ryan had previously run 20 yards to put the oval in position for "Pete" to score.

For the visiting aggregation, the backfield of Clark, Bennett, White and Sweeney, along with Capt. Hatch and Stonely in the line, played good games. North Quincy played a fine all-around game; the line was opening up yawning gaps for the ball carriers, and the backs were taking full advantage of them. Tommy Ryan especially looked fine, who, along with "Bat" Nelson, was a sore spot in Hingham's side.

Photo by Devlin.

TOP: Murphy of North recovering ball fumbled by Victor DiGravio on Quincy's 22 yard line at the middle of the first perod. This was the first of the many fumbles that spoiled Quincy's many scoring opportunities. Murphy is the player with the light colored helmet.

NEXT TO TOP: Tommy Ryan, known to his North teammates as "Peanuts," because of his miniature size, makes a long gain to be tackled by three Quincy men before he was thrown.

NEXT TO BOTTOM: A typical complicated play of the game. This picture was taken at midfield at the opening of the second half and shows in the background the huge crowd that jammed the stands and pressed against the ropes about the field.

BOTTOM: The aggressiveness of the North team is well shown by this picture in which three Quincy players have been tipped over backwards, their opponents having already turned around to get back into the play. Left to right: Walter Ordway, Quincy fullback; Sam Asnes, Quincy halfback; Murphy of North; John Comparato of Quincy backfield; Bill Hughes of Quincy line; Vincent Gookin, star Quincy end; Captain George "Te" Mitchell of North and Pete Zoia of North. Many of these players could not be identified because of the fast motion of the play.

—Courtesy of Quincy Patriot Ledger.

QUINCY TAKES IT ON CHIN 6-0

On Armistice Day, the battling Red and Black horde from North Quincy toppled Quincy High from its lofty pedestal in this city when they took Jimmy LeCain's Blue and White warriors over the hurdles, 6-0. Walter Joly, brilliant halfback of Donahue's clan, scored the only points when he nabbed a Nelson pass and then raced 15 yards to score.

Pure fighting grit, backed up by a spirit from their supporters that surpassed anything the Granite City has ever seen, blasted the Quiney High team from the path of the victorious Northenders, and established the Scarlet and Black city, as well as South Shore, champions.

We salute Coach Donahue and his battling gang of athletes and do not hesitate to declare that the fine sportsmanship and clean fight of the victors is directly traceable to their popular and great mentor.

Outweighed almost 12 pounds to the man, the North Quincy team pushed the big Blue and White representatives all over the field. During the first half Quiney entered North's territory only once when "Vic" De Gravio intercepted a pass and trotted 55 yards before he was dragged down by "Bat" Nelson. The first two periods saw North Quincy surprising the mob by outplaying the big Quincy team and making them appear slow by their own display of pep and speed. "Cap" Bryan was hurt in the first quarter and his loss was keenly felt, although not so keenly that North still wasn't the best team on the field. When the popular "Cap" was carried off, the lighter but gritty Northerners seemed to redouble their efforts at holding Quincy at bay. The loss of Bryan was a big one, as he was the Scarlet and Black's booting and passing ace. "Bat" Nelson took over these duties for the remainder of the battle.

The third quarter was Quincy's only good one, and the fourth saw Walter Joly snare Nelson's pass for a touchdown.

After the game North fans went wild, and a big demonstration was staged in the gym with Mr. Collins, Coach Donahue, "Cap" Bryan and "Te" Mitchell speaking.

When asked whom he thought starred, Coach Donahue replied: "How can I pick a star from such a great bunch of kids? They fought together, worked together, and won together." And that just about explains it.

SCARLET AND BLACK TAKES TAUNTON 8-6

Coach Jack Donahue and his North Quincy High School eleven wound up their season with an 8-6 victory over Taunton High's grid forces at Comin's Stadium to make their dreams of an undefeated year come true. A good crowd saw Walter Joly crash over for a touchdown in the second period and Joe McWeeney block a punt in the final stanza to score an automatic safety. "Al" Richards, the Orange and Black's brilliant halfback, waltzed some 87 yards for Taunton's score.

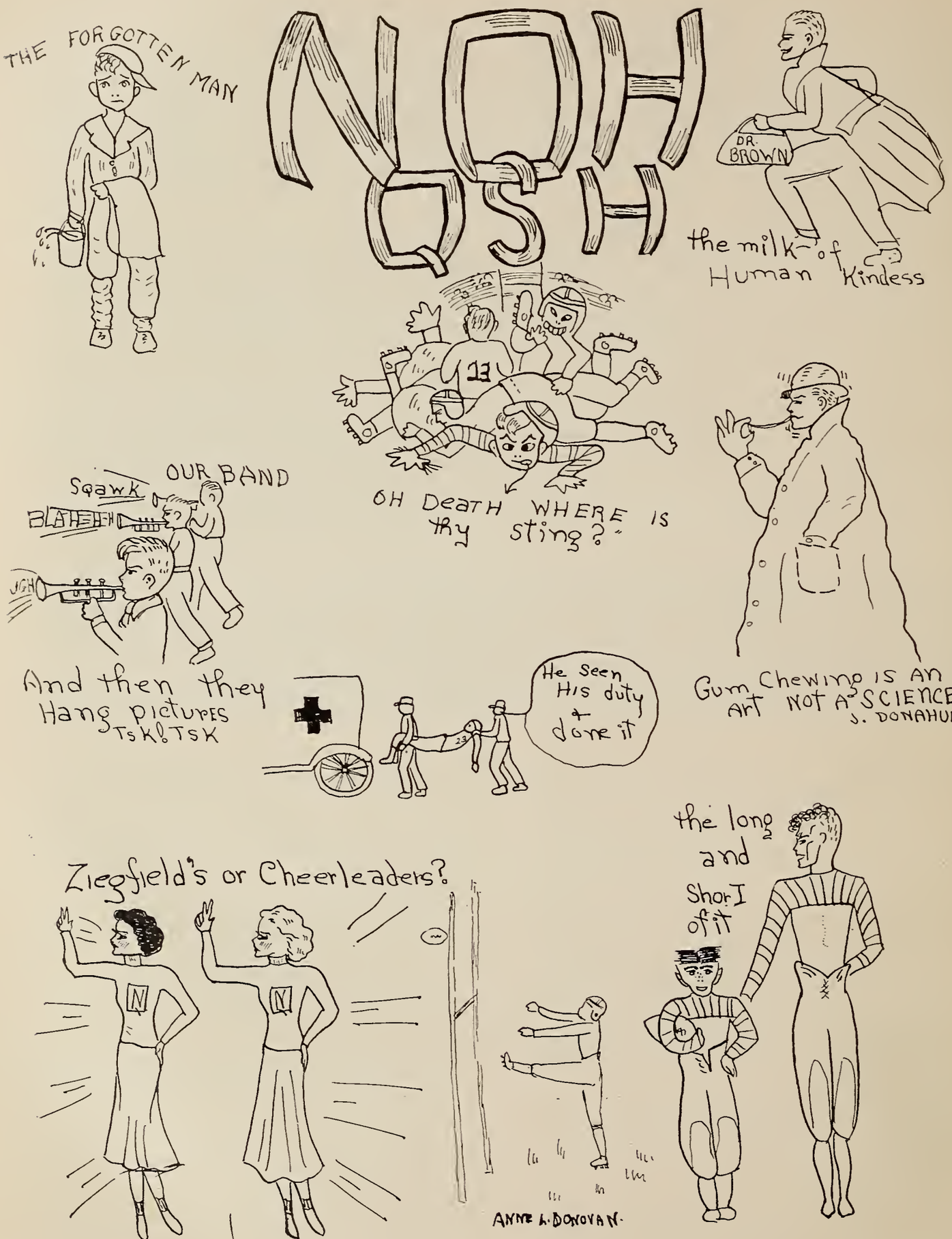
The game was enlivened by the presence of Captain "Te" Mitchell and "Cap" Bryan in the Northern lineup. Supposedly not to compete in this tilt, both Mitchell and Bryan closed their high school careers by playing nearly the whole game. As usual, their play was excellent and for a pair of cripples they looked very, very good.

Mitchell and Bryan alone weren't playing in their final tilt for North Quincy; the whole first team and, in fact, 18 out of the first 24 players, sang their swan song also.

In the opening minutes of the second period Joly scored. After running a punt back to the Taunton 35, Nelson passed his way to a first down on the 14-yard stripe. Walter Joly pounded his way to the 10-yard line, and Tom Ryan lugged to the 6 before being brought down. Joly smashed his way to another first down on the 3-yard marker, and after "Cap" Bryan was stopped on the 1-yard line, he dove through left guard for a touchdown. Bryan's place kick was off to the left.

Midway through the third period, as North was pushing her way deep into hostile territory, "Al" Richards grabbed Nelson's pass and with plenty of interference strolled 87 yards to score. Captain Mitchell knocked down Wills' pass trying for the point.

North finally stopped tossing away scoring chances and got down to business late in the last quarter. A long Bryan punt was downed on the Taunton 7-yard line. Instead of booting the leather, Richards pulled an end run from kick formation and was smeared for a three-yard loss for his pains. Wills dropped behind his goal line to punt, but the alert Joe McWeeney bounded through an opening to toss his chest in front of the try. The ball bounded outside the end zone


THE FORGOTTEN MAN
NOSH
DR. BROWN
the milk of Human Kindess
OH DEATH WHERE IS thy sting?
OUR BAND
Sqawk
BLATHER
JGH
And then they Hang pictures TsK! TsK
He seen His duty & done it
Gum Chewing IS AN ART NOT A SCIENCE
J. DONAHUE
Ziegfield's or Cheerleaders?
the long and Shorl of it
ANNE L. DONOVAN

for an automatic safety and the winning points.

Walter Joly was the best man on the field. The kid that sent Quincy tumbling down to defeat also had a lion's share in administering the licking to Taunton. Walter scored against the Orange and Black, but his fine offensive game was overshadowed by his marvelous defensive battle. Better than two-thirds of all North tackles were made by Joly, and when he hit 'em, they sat down!

All the rest of the plucky North team did their share. Captain Mitchell and Bryan did great jobs, while those two fine wings, "Nobby" Reilly and George Murphy, stopped a truly great back, Richards, dead a number of times. The guards, tackles, and "Phil" Leadbetter, who started at center, gave fine exhibitions and wound up their school careers in fine fashion.

Richards and Gomes in the Taunton backfield and Mulcahey, Brow and Guillette of the line stood out. Richards was universally proclaimed the hardest hitting back to face North, while Gomes was but a shade behind.

Kenneth Dowd.

(Continued from Page 34)

The music for the Installation and the Fantasie was played by Marjorie Rupprecht and Graee Jackson. Great eredit is due the coach, Miss Betty Savage of the faculty, and dramatic advisor to the senior club.

THE CAST

PIERROT .....PAULINE HOPEY
PIERRETTE .....MARY HUGHES
OLD WOMAN OF MOON.....BETHIA MORRILL
OLD MAN OF MOON.....ANNA STRANG
THREE MOON MAIDENS... { BETTY WALLACE, MARY OMEARA, RUTH AGNEW }
THREE STAR MAIDENS { ETHEL HOWELL, HARRIETTE CLEARY, PRISCILLA WALLACE }
ANNOUNCER .....RITA DARLING

HELEN M. VANDELEUR.

Soccer

NORTH LOSES FIRST GAME 11-0

Playing at Faxon Field against a strong New Bedford Vocational team which had held the state championship for the past two years, North Quincy's soccer team was completely outclassed, and lost, 11-0. Coach Silvia's boys showed their lack of preparation for this game strongly the first half and could not seem to solve the champs' attack.

All through the game the visitors showed their ability to shoot, and time and again picked the corners to evade North's goalies — Wanzer and Pickett. North had but one shot all through the game, a hard shot by Lindquist which went over the top of the goal.

Bill Morrison, Quinn and Captain Lindquist looked good for North even though they had little chance to show their stuff.

The New Bedford's center forward was the high scorer for his team.

North showed fight throughout the game although they failed to come out on top.

NORTH WINS OVER TRADE

After their first drubbing, North came through and blanked Trade, 3-0. Most of the squad saw service in the game, and this kept the game to a low score.

All of North's scoring was done in the first half, when the ball left the Traders' territory only twice. The goals were made by Gerry and Morrison.

The defense of the Northerners had an easy time of it and Wanzer at the goal was threatened only twice.

Lieth, Gerry, Rumrill and Ferris looked pretty good in North's forward line, while in the backfield Morrison, Quinn and Cummings starred.

NEW BEDFORD HIGH TOO GOOD 7-0

Suffering their second defeat of the season, the soccer boys traveled to New Bedford, where they were taken 7-0 after a hard game. North had many chances to score, but just did not seem to have the ability to get the leather in the goal mouth.

The game was fairly tight in the first fifteen minutes, but New Bedford broke loose to score three markers in the next twenty minutes of the first period. The second half found the game much more lively, with North advancing into enemy territory time after time, only to have the attack fail and the ball booted deep into our own territory. Pickett showed up good in the last half in spite of the four goals scored against him.

Due to the fact that Captain Lindquist was not up to regular standard of play, the team was badly handicapped. Leith, Rumrill, Frankie Morrison and Gerry were good in the forward line, and Cummings was also good in the backfield.

STATE CHAMPS HELD TO 5-0

Showing great improvement over the first game with New Bedford Vocational, North played a hard-fought game at Battery Park, New Bedford. The game was dull and the ball difficult to manipulate due to a wet field. The second string boys all started in the first half, as Coach Silvia decided to give all the boys a chance.

In the first half New Bedford was held to two goals. In the second half the first team went in and our offence improved, but the New Bedford goalie stopped many a good shot.

Dorn, Edson and Pickett turned in a good performance in the backfield and did much in keeping the ball far down the field. Bill Morrison was a bulwark of defense. Cummings was unable to play in this game because of injury, and his absence greatly weakened the North defense.

NORTH LOSES SECOND GAME TO QUINCY 4-1

After a hard-fought battle at Upper Merrymount Park, Quincy High School emerged victor by a score of 4-1, which was one goal improvement over their previous conquest over their Northern foes. Eddie Pynes starred for Quincy throughout the game, scoring three goals by himself. The Quincy forwards worked well together and paved the way for Pynes' shots. North fought hard, but was unable to break up the Quincy attack.

The first period was a hectic one, with Quincy scoring three of its four goals in this period. In the second period Jimmie McGuire garnered the fourth goal with a hard shot in the corner. In this period many shots were saved by the work of Bill Morrison and Capt. Harold Lindquist. Capt. Lindquist had been changed to fullback position at the half, and Edson took his place at outside right. The only North goal was scored by Edson after a pass from Leith. It was a hard shot which went right by goalie Sullivan.

The North defense was strengthened somewhat in the second half by the changing of Capt. Lindquist to fullback. Bill Morrison and Gerald Quinn also did a fine job. Ferris showed his real form for the first time this season, and played a bang-up game at inside-right. Leith, Gerry and Frank Morrison also looked good in the forward line. Jim Shearer's work in the Quincy fullback berth did much to hasten North's defeat.

NORTH LOSES TO QUINCY 3-1

In spite of improvement, the soccer boys battled in a tight but losing game with Quincy, the final score being 3-1.

Playing under the handicap of a high wind which completely spoiled the game in the first half, North was forced to start the second half under a one goal lead of Quincy.

"Doc" Whiting's Quincy outfit made a great stand in the second half, holding the Northerners to one goal and tallying one themselves. Leith made the goal for North by stopping a goal kick with his head and then sending a hard shot through the corner which caught Sullivan napping.

In the Quincy lineup, McGuire starred throughout the game, while Jim Shearer and George Anderson turned in some niee defenee work. Leith, Ferris and Lindquist looked good in the forward line, and again Bill Morrison's work on the defence continuously kept North out of danger.

Andrew Dooley.

Exchanges

The High School of Quebec Annual, High School of Quebec, Quebec Canada.

As a newcomer to our Exchange column, we welcome you, and we hope that you will continue to exchange with us in the future. The sports columns were very interesting, even to one who doesn't know the boys on the team.

Buds o' Blue, Stockton High School, California.

Your magazine is complete in every detail, only we missed the Exchange column. Also we discovered that you have some very fine artists in your school, and we hope to hear from you again.

Red and Black, Rogers High School, Newport, Rhode Island.

You have some very original columns in your magazine; much enjoyment was received from them.

Briscoe Briefs.

Your magazine is an excellent specimen of hard work, but may we offer a suggestion, which is that you enlarge your literary department.

Carter Chips.

The future certainly looks bright for the Carter School artists.

Curtin Junior Citizen.

We quote:

"If I were you, let me advise
No running in halls if you are wise,
For into someone you might bump,
And both of you would have a lump."

Southern Bell

Teacher—"Lester, give me a sentence with the word 'flippancy.'"

Student—"Let's flippancy whether I pass or flunk."

The Clipper.

Your magazine is well planned. We liked your radio stars' summaries very much.

The Broadcaster.

A very interesting Nature number.

C. Zottoli, *Exchange Editor.*

Alumni

For the following information we are indebted to Margaret Haake, Muriel Hanna and Robert Putnam. We extend to them our sincere thanks.

FEBRUARY, 1928

Paul Duffy has joined the United States Marines. The early part of this year Mr. Collins received a card from him which indicated that he had been in Hongkong, China.

Margaret Haake has been working in the North Quincy High School as Secretary to Mr. Collins since September, 1932. During the summer of 1933 she traveled abroad, visiting in France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Holland.

Betty Hughes is in her third year at Emerson. She is particularly interested in acting, and belongs to the group known as the Community Players. Betty had a small part with Jane Cowl and also a non-talking part with Otis Skinner in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Harold Hurlburt is assistant to the camp doctor at the Civilian Conservation Camp in Newport, New Hampshire.

William McPhillips, who was the first Mayor in the North Junior High School, is at present working as a salesman at Kennedy's in Boston.

Helen Murphy is at present dancing in Philadelphia. She is in a tap dancing act with another girl and two men. Several years ago she appeared at Roxy's Theatre in New York, and from May until September of this year she was in the chorus of the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston.

Richard Pickering has been employed for several years as bank teller in the main branch of the Quincy Trust Company.

Doris Shalit, after taking a course at Forsyth Dental, is working as dental hygienist for her father, Dr. L. Melville Shalit.

JUNE, 1928

Dorothy Anderson is in her sophomore year in a college down South.

Robert Blake is completing a course at Bentley School of Accounting in Boston.

Muriel Hanna graduated from Oak Grove Seminary in Maine in June, 1932. She attended Miss Sacker's School of Decorative Design and Interior Decorating in Boston, and would have completed her course this winter if she had not sustained a fractured spine.

Homer Jenks in on the *Quincy Evening News* staff.

Jean MacDonald is in her junior year at Radcliffe.

Marjorie Standing is a hairdresser at her father's establishment in the Hotel Statler in Boston.

Lois Towne is a junior at Jackson. She is studying to be a doctor's assistant.

Buron Wason is in his junior year at Rochester University, where he is majoring in Civil Engineering.

Virginia Wheeler is married to Earnest Valley. They are living in California.

Chester Young is a student at Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire.

JUNE, 1929

Ruth Darr is a sophomore at Simmons.

Francis Jenkins, after completing his studies at Senior High School, spent a year at Thayer Academy. He took examinations to enter West Point this fall.

Benjamin Luftman is working at White's in Boston.

Robert Putnam is in his second year at Harvard. He is preparing to be a chemist.

Ruth Urquhart is working in the Auditing Department of the John Hancock Insurance Company.

JUNE, 1930

Charles Hutchinson is in his first year at M. I. T.

FEBRUARY, 1931

Robert Woodward is now studying chemistry in his first year at M. I. T.

Jokes

Phil—"How's your mother-in-law?"
Bill—"Fair to meddlin'."

Prof.—"Oh, my dear, that puts me out."
Daughter—"What happened, Dad?"
Prof.—"I gave a student a special course in memory training and he hasn't paid me. I can't seem to remember his name."

Wow—"What's the noblest kind of dog?"
Bow—"I don't know."
Wow—"A hot dog; it not only doesn't bite the hand that feeds it, but it feeds the hand that bites it."

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "what you need for your frazzled nerves is to bury yourself in your work."
"I can't," said the patient, "I'm a cement mixer."

Miss Bain—"Talking about report cards?"
Hugh Boyd—"Yes, we even have our school colors on our report cards—red and black."

Believe It or Not

"Te" Mitchell is one of the smallest boys in our school.

Eddie Cragin was not hoarse after the Quincy game.

The traffic officers on the third floor are real sweet boys—so gentle!

At 8.40 the other morning some of the students thought they heard somebody say, "Attention, please." Who can explain this mystery?

The number of stray dogs in the building has decreased considerably.

Miss Gooch never worries about the marks of her Ninth Grade classes.

Mr. Hofferty never gives his Ninth Grade civics classes a test but once a month.

Mr. Donahue never chews gus at the football games.

"Cap" Bryan is underweight.

Kathleen Smith, 9-8.

A PARODY ON "TREES"

I think that I shall never see
A pup who's never had a flea.
A pup who's hungry tummy is jammed
With meat and biscuits he has crammed.
A pup that lays around all day
And sleeps the canine blues away.
This little fellow who is all true blue
More so than many people I once knew.
Upon whose bosom dirt has lain
With mud acquired during a rain.
Oh! poems are attempted by gals like me
But I'll let the puppy keep his flea.

Elinor Whitford, 12-5.

Miss Bain—"Has anyone else any news?"
Ed Graham—"Where's Elmer?"

Mr. Price—"Tell what you know about proprietorship."
Leadbetter—"Proprietorship is best for small enterprises such as lemonade stands."

The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere
—The Artisan

Turn on your radio and you shall hear
Of the moonlight ride of Paul Revere
First on a horse and then on wheel
And now he rides an automobile.

He sent a telegram to his very best friend,
Inside, the dope on King George's men;
As a result two flashlights burned,
In the North Church tower as Paul swiftly turned;
He burned gasoline on his famous ride
To tell all the folks in the country side.
He had gone four miles when the Ford broke down
With the nearest garage in a distant town.
He phoned a garage, 'twas a motor mart,
To send down a man in a towing car
Or a man in an old Chevrolet,
In order that Paul might continue his way.

While waiting for help from Boston town,
He went to the houses which lay close around,
Yelling "Hi! Ho! the British are coming!
Cease all your sleep and start your running."
The words had scarcely entered their ears
When the Chev drew up with a clashing of gears
"Knick Knock Shack is a great place to eat"—
"Trade at J. Bluey's for fresh Western meat."

For this sort of scenery had dazzled his eyes
As he swept past the billboards going in high.
He was nearing a corner as a stoplight turned red,
But Paul was so near-sighted he dashed straight ahead.
It was one o'clock by the signal gong
Of an Ingersoll watch that couldn't be wrong.
He entered Concord at Quarter to four
As the milkman was going from door to door
Leaving Grade A or a jar full of cream
And dashing away in a Dodge Brother's team.

Richard V. Brown.

A MODERN STORY

"Now That Summer Has Gone," "Shanghai Lil" and I decided that we'd take a trip to see the "Shadows on the Swanee" or "Niagara Moon."

We woke up at "Time to Go." We went "Marching Along Together" as "Happy as the Day Was Long." We were "Shuffling Off to Buffalo" when we met the "Sophisticated Lady" "Sitting on a Backyard Fence."

The "Three of Us" went to the "Honeymoon Hotel," which was "By a Waterfall," and had "Dinner at Eight." I came home, went to my room, took off my "Dusty Shoes," climbed "Under a Blanket of Blue," and "Closed My Eyes"—just an old "Lazy Bones!"

Winnifield Spalding, 9-6.

RETURNING THE FAVOR

Have readers of the MANET given thought to the fact that the success of the magazine depends, to a large extent, upon our good friends, the advertisers? They spend their money with us in the belief that they have commodities or services of value to North Quincy families. Let us return the favor by spending our money with our advertisers when they have what we want, making sure that when we buy from them we mention having seen their advertising in the MANET. —"The Massachusetts Teacher."

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